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COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES HELD THIS WEEK

Graduating Exercises to be Held at Lyceum To-Night.

FOURTEEN MEMBERS IN CLASS

Junior Class Entertained Senior Class and Faculty at Wright House—Baccalaureate Sermon Preached Last Sunday Evening by Rev. W. E. Van Dyke—Junior Class Play Tuesday Night—Class Day Exercises Wednesday Afternoon—All Exercises Largely Attended.

Junior Class Entertains.

The graduation exercises of the local high school formally begun last Thursday evening when the Junior Class entertained the faculty and seniors at the annual banquet. The affair was charming throughout and was a credit to the crowd of hosts and hostesses. It was held in the Wright House, where the pleasant dining room, well decorated for the occasion, had its tables eloquent with invitations to enjoy the good things provided. After a fine appeal to the appetite had been answered satisfactorily, the toastmaster of the occasion, William Brownell, opened the toast list with a few well-chosen words expressing the welcome of the junior class to its guests. Robert Daly, the president of the senior class, made response to the welcome in behalf of seniors and faculty. Mr. Bright was next on the list and his toast was followed by one by Miss Alberta Corry and one by Harold Day. The banquet was an unqualified success.

Baccalaureate Sermon.

The second number on the graduation program was the baccalaureate sermon preached by Rev. W. E. Van Dyke in the Episcopal church on Sunday evening. The graduates, becomingly robed in cap and gown, met with the teachers at the school building and marched from there to the church.

Mr. Van Dyke's sermon was very inspiring. It dealt with the great question of life, and pointed out that education, history and science were alike helpless when faced with the question of the greatest end of life. The only satisfactory answer is found in the teachings and example of our great Lord and Master. It is only as we strive to work out the marvelous purposes of God that we can hope to make a great success. The mere fact that we can gain great riches or world-wide honor counts for nothing unless there is with us the same spirit that led Jesus to say, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work."

Mr. Van Dyke was fittingly assisted by the choir who gave some choice music to grace the occasion.

Junior Class Play.

A fairly large and very appreciative audience greeted the production of "The Merchant of Venice" on Tuesday evening. The excellence of the work done by the juniors was a pleasant surprise to almost everyone in the house. The actors have still a good deal to learn in the art of making love, though doubtless they will learn their lesson well as they get a little older. The cast was as follows:

The Duke of Venice, Harry Comes
Antonio, captain of High School football team, William Brownell
Bassanio, his friend and suitor to Portia, Elvin Burlingame
Gratiano, another friend, Howard Brownell
Shylock, a wealthy gambler, Harold Day
Tubal, his friend and captain of Belmont football team, Ralph White
Launcelot Gobbo, a servant to Shylock, Edwin Kohn
Policeman, Delbert Gallup
Portia, a rich heiress, Flossie Freeman
Nerissa, her friend, Christel Comes
Jessica, Shylock's ward, Ruth Hungerford
Miss Abbie S. Threedice, teacher, Helen McGowan
Polly, Portia's maid, Florence Apple
Mrs. Gobbo, Launcelot's mother, Helen Hamilton
The Professor, Ellanorah Colegrove
Football players, High School boys.

The star performer, judging from the approval of the audience, was Gobbo, though some of the other leading characters came in for an almost equal share of applause.

Class Day Exercises.

The Class Day exercises were held in the Lyceum yesterday (Wednesday) afternoon at 3:00 o'clock. The hall was beautifully decorated with ferns and flowers and the class made a fine appearance in their caps and gowns. The following program was successfully carried out:

President's address, Robert Daly
Salutatorian (2nd honor), Allen King
Historian, Aletha Pickersgill
Vocal soloist, Denber Simkins

(Continued on Page 8.)

BON AIR MUST HAVE INFIRMARY.

The Need of Such a Building Has Often Been Felt—Preliminary Plans for the Improvement.

A party of Bradford men and women visited Bon Air sanatorium at Dells Camp yesterday afternoon. They were conducted by Harry E. Schonblom, chairman of the finance committee, and Miss Minnie Jackson, assistant secretary and treasurer. Some of them had been there before. These were impressed by the growth of the group of buildings which make up the sanatorium. Others of the party made their first visit, therefore were doubly impressed and at once interested in the institution and the splendid work it is doing, says Friday's Star-Record.

Bon Air is growing in size and usefulness. It is now taking care of forty patients in various stages of tuberculosis. Some of them have so far progressed toward a cure that they make themselves useful in numerous ways, for the double purpose of showing their gratitude and occupying their time. Others are making satisfactory progress, while there are those who are very ill—who have not been at the sanatorium a sufficient length of time to have arrived at the point where they can see renewed health ahead of them.

The very sick form a serious condition that confronts the officials of the institution. How to take care of them and at the same time keep them away from those who are progressing toward recovery must be met, and Manager Melvin and Dr. Kunkel, the camp physician, have made a tentative plan of an infirmary, apart from the other buildings where very sick people may be placed when they arrive and kept as long as their condition warrants it.

It has been found detrimental to the patients who could get well under favorable circumstances to have the very sick, and perhaps mortally ill, among them. A tubercular patient must fight. He must help his own cure by a determination not to give up. Courage is much of the battle. To be in sight of a patient whose case was hopeless from the first and to watch him growing worse—and maybe passing out, is anything but helpful. The plan to keep the hopelessly sick, or very sick, apart from the incipiently ill, or the patients who are progressing satisfactorily will appeal to the good sense of anyone.

So, Bon Air must have an infirmary, instead of more shacks. The present plan, which is subject to any sort of change, calls for a building in which there would be a sitting room, dining room and other non-sleeping rooms in front; from these a long hall, on either side of which would be single rooms and rooms for two, and at the end of the hall, a ward. Nothing expensive or architecturally impressive is contemplated. The building could be built of exactly the materials of which the shacks are made; plain, substantial wood with walls of plaster board covered with the sanitary washable material which is found in all the shacks.

With such an infirmary the institution could take the very sick patients which it has frequently to reject on account of their advanced condition. They would be cared for by the infirmary's own nurse under Dr. Kunkel's direction. The same effort to cure them would be made in the infirmary that would be made were they among the less sick patients, and their isolation would remove from the other patients the distressing, hurtful influence a closer proximity exercises.

So far, every one to whom the plan has been broached has thought well of it. It will be a step upward for the institution, and that it will be built is a certainty. The Northwestern Anti-Tuberculosis league has from the first succeeded in doing what it set out to do. It now sets out to build an infirmary and it will build it. Where the money will come from cannot now be said, but it will come, and when the infirmary is built Bon Air will be equipped for its battle against the White Plague as few institutions of its kind are equipped.

CRIMINAL COURT IN SESSION THIS WEEK

C. Grover of Port Allegany Appointed Forman of the Jury.

ELDRED BANK CASE ON TRIAL

Many Small Cases Tried—Judge Prather of Crawford County Assisting Judge Bouton This Week.

The June term of criminal court convened here Monday afternoon at the usual hour, Judge Jos. W. Bouton presiding, assisted by Judge Prather of Crawford county. C. Grover of Port Allegany was appointed foreman of the grand jury. A budget of bills was turned over by the district attorney to the jurors and they retired to consider the same. The usual preliminaries of the opening of court took place, including the making of motions by attorneys, returns of constables, etc.

Julius Goodman, charged with conducting a gambling place in Bradford, pleaded guilty and was fined $50 and ordered to pay the costs.

Ella Burdick pleaded guilty to the charge of landing certain opprobrium upon the anatomy of another Bradford woman, the said attack having occurred in a place where liquid refreshments are on tap. The court was disposed to be lenient in the case and Ella was allowed to go on suspended sentence. If she refrains hereafter from resorting to pugilistic demonstrations, it is probable that there will be no further punishment for her.

At court Tuesday Asa Vanderhoof and Samuel Eaton, indicted for larceny alleged to have taken place in the Big Woods, were tried before Judge Prather. Eaton was acquitted and Vanderhoof was convicted on the above charge. A new trial has been asked for Vanderhoof.

O. Y. Sikes and W. S. Sikes, charged with assault and battery, drew "not a true bill," from the grand jury and the prosecutor, L. S. Letson, was ordered to pay the costs.

Clayton Mosher pleaded guilty to the charge of forgery. It seems that Clayton had put on a get-rich-quick proposition on a small scale, at Bradford and Ormsby, using fake checks to secure the desired results. Judge Bouton suspended sentence and appointed Constable John Howe of Bradford, as probation officer, Mosher to be on probation for a period of one year.

A true bill has been rendered by the grand jury against Henry Lovitz, of Bradford, charging the successful and well known junk dealer with having rented apartments to be used as a poker emporium, contrary to the act of assembly, etc.

Fred Helbringer, charged with conducting a disorderly house at Bradford, was not indicted. The grand jury returned not a true bill in the case.

Not a true bill was rendered also in the case of F. W. Weber, charged with adultery.

William Davis, charged with assault with intent to kill, was indicted.

True bills were returned against Harris Cohen and A. P. McConnell & Co., charged with selling butterine in a manner forbidden by law. Cohen is now on trial before Judge Prather.

Indictments against Milo Oviatt and Frank Oviatt, for assault and battery, were quashed yesterday morning.

The grand jury yesterday returned not a true bill against Samuel Schoolmaster, charged with statutory rape.

The grand jury completed its work yesterday and was discharged with the thanks of the court.

Joseph Schultz of Clermont, was tried on a charge of larceny, and acquitted.

W. J. Leonard, charged with false representation in a horse deal, was acquitted. The jury ordered Leonard to pay one-third of the costs and the prosecutor, two-thirds.

Henry Lovitz, charged with renting rooms for gambling purposes, was convicted by a jury yesterday and a motion has been made for a new trial.

At four o'clock yesterday afternoon before Judge Bouton, the case of the Commonwealth vs. J. C. Downing and others, was opened. This is the famous Eldred bank case and is of much general interest. A jury was secured yesterday afternoon and the hearing of testimony began this morning.

WOMAN KILLED IN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT

Smash-up Happened Near Costello Last Sunday Afternoon.

MRS. JACOB SWANSON KILLED

Her Four Children Were Seriously Injured—Mr. Swanson Escapes With Slight Bruises—Ran Into Side of a Bridge—Formerly Located at Norwich, This County.

Another terrible automobile accident occurred last Sunday afternoon at about 5 o'clock on the outskirts of Costello, Potter county, in which Mrs. Jacob Swanson was almost instantly killed and her four children, ranging from 5 to 12 years of age were seriously injured.

Jacob Swanson and family were driving into Costello from Austin, where they now reside, and just as they were coming into the village they rounded a bad curve and entered a bridge. About the center of the bridge the car swerved and crashed into the side of this structure. This swung the car around with such force that it threw all the occupants but Mr. Swanson out.

Mrs. Swanson struck her head against the side of the bridge, fracturing her skull and causing other injuries from which she died in about an hour without regaining consciousness. The oldest child, a girl aged about 12 years, had her arm broken and was otherwise bruised. The two boys, aged about 8 and 10 years, were badly cut and bruised about the head and face and it is feared that one of them has a fractured skull. Another boy about 5 years of age had his left leg broken in two places, besides receiving numerous other bruises. Mr. Swanson, who was driving the car, escaped with only a few slight bruises.

Mr. Swanson, the husband and father of the dead woman and injured children is grief-stricken by the terrible accident. He does not know what caused the car to swerve at this point but thinks something must have gone wrong with the steering gear. The car was quite badly damaged in the smashup.

Mr. Swanson had a jobber's contract in the big woods at Norwich last summer and he and his bereaved family have many friends in Smethport and vicinity who deeply sympathize with them in their great sorrow.

ATTEMPT TO BREAK JAIL.

Sheriff Morrison and Detective Jones Find Two Bars Nearly Severed in Two.

Saturday night County Detective "Billy" Jones had a "hunch." Back in the recesses of his brain he remembered that years ago it was alleged that Asa Vanderhoof, now in jail here awaiting trial for larceny at the big woods, had broken jail in West Virginia and made good his escape. So "Billy" followed up his "hunch" and hunted up Sheriff Morrison, and together they paid a visit to the jail.

When they arrived at this institution for the safe-keeping of the lawless they discovered that had they been a few minutes later it probably would not have been a place of safe-keeping. Two bars in one cell had been nearly severed by a hack-saw. Further investigation disclosed said hack-saw securely hidden upon a rail of one of the sliding doors of another cell.

On account of Vanderhoof's past reputation in alleged jail breaking, the attempt to escape was laid at his door. The cell with the sawed bars was locked securely and the prisoners were all searched and then locked up. The sawed bars have since been replaced by new ones.

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Advertise in The Miner.

JOINED IN MATRIMONY.

Miss Dewly Davis and Mr. Edward Burns, Both of Bradford, Married at Noon, Yesterday.

A beautiful wedding was celebrated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Davis, No. 271 Congress street, yesterday at noon, (Wednesday, June 7, 1911), when their daughter, Miss Dewly Davis, and Mr. Edward James Burns were married by Rev. Robert Alexander Tufft, rector of the Church of the Ascension. Only the immediate relatives of the bridal couple witnessed the ceremony.

The archway between the double parlors of the Davis residence, which served as a setting for the ceremony, was handsomely decorated with orange blossoms, roses, ferns and wild flowers. There were no attendants. The bride wore a beautiful creation of white embroidered marquisett. She carried no flowers, but wore a wreath of real orange blossoms in her hair.

A wedding course dinner following the ceremony was served in the dining room. The bride's table was centered with a large mound of pink roses and smilax and the small tables at which the guests were seated, were also embellished with pink roses and smilax. The dining room decorations were of ferns, roses and laurel and these were also used extensively in the adornments of the other rooms of the residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Burns left on the 1:20 o'clock Erie train for Cambridge Springs, where the will spend their honeymoon. They will reside at No. 11 Blaisdell avenue, this city. The bride is one of Bradford's best known young ladies having spent the greater part of her life in this city. She has a pleasing personality and has many friends. Mr. Burns is a young man of splendid qualities, who is employed in the plumbing establishment of A. D. Burns.

The bride received many beautiful wedding gifts, which included silver, cut glass, linen, etc.

Out of town guests in attendance were Mr. and Mrs. C. Siverling of Meadville, Pa., the grandparents of the bride, and Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Morrison and son, Thomas, of Smethport.—Bradford Era.

The bride formerly lived in Smethport and during her residence in this borough she made many warm friends who will unite with The Miner in extending congratulations and wishing this popular young couple a long and happy journey through life.

A LUCKY ACCIDENT.

If any accident can be termed "lucky," the one that happened to Mrs. F. E. Baldwin and her brother, Scott McClure, while on a little auto trip to Costello, Friday evening last, is one with a big L.

On the return trip Mrs. Baldwin thought she would try her skill at the steering wheel. Everything went lovely until they came to the bridge just below Brownlee's mill. There you have some very sharp turns to make, and in some unaccountable way she gave the wheel a little too much twist, and the car went smash bang into the railing. Although not running very fast, the momentum of the car was sufficient to smash one of the guard rail posts, and had it gone a few inches farther it would have gone over the abrupt bank, about fifteen feet down into the creek.

Mrs. Baldwin hung to her post and stopped the car, but her brother was thrown out and received some severe bruises. The car was slightly damaged, but taking everything into consideration, the accident is counted as a mighty lucky one, when figuring on the result.—Austin Autograph.

FARMERS VALLEY ITEMS.

Clarence H. Southwick of Glendora, California, and Josephine V. Cricks of Roulette, Pa., were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, on May 31, 1911, by the Rev. R. J. Thomas of Roulette.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Bernard and Mr. and Mrs. Daisie Helmeniger of Eldred visited Mrs. Derby last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence South are spending a few days with Mrs. D. W. Derby and other friends at Farmers Valley, en route to Mt. Jewett, Bradford and Olean.

Children's Day exercises will be held at the U. B. church at Farmers Valley, Sunday, June 11th.

The Ladies' Aid met at Mrs. D. W. Derby's house Wednesday last. Twelve members were present and a very good time was reported.

J. J. Smith was home for a few days last week.

The Ladies' Aid will meet with Mrs. Fred Digel Wednesday, June 14. All are cordially invited.

SHOT WIFE THEN KILLED HIMSELF

Chester Clark of Roulette Performs a Double Tragedy.

WIFE LIVES BUT FEW MINUTES

Jealous of His Wife, From Whom He Had Separated, He Seeks Her Out and Shoots Her—Turns Gun on Himself When Neighbors Interfere and Dies Instantly.

Coudersport, Pa., June 5.—Jealous of his wife from whom he had been separated for some time, and unable to stand the taunts she hurled at him after a quarrel, Chester Clark shot and killed his wife at Roulette, Potter county, ten miles from here at 7:15 o'clock Saturday evening and then sent a bullet into his own brain, dying instantly.

The double tragedy took place in the door yard of the house on Main street in Roulette where Mrs. Clark had been living. It was witnessed by a score or more of people who heard the quarrel, saw the pistol drawn and fired only to be held at bay by Clark, as they rushed to the scene, until Clark, realizing what he had done, became determined to take his own life.

Clark was born in Burtville, the son of Daniel Clark, a respected farmer, about 40 years ago. He had worked as a lumberman and as a farm laborer.

He married six years ago a girl 14 years of age, by the name of Goodhall. They had two children. Some time ago Clark left his wife because of an intimacy he believed to exist between her and a man named Fiske. A court action in Potter county had been started by Clark growing out of this alleged intimacy.

Saturday noon Clark boarded the C. & P. A. train at Port Allegany for Roulette. He had been drinking. He went to the village hotel and went to sleep, coming out of his room at 4 o'clock. He began a search for Fiske, but not being able to find him determined to seek out his own wife.

Clark found his wife seated on the porch of her home. He upbraided her for her alleged scandalous conduct and she replied warmly. She finally ordered him to leave the place. This order angered Clark, and drawing a revolver he said: "I've got a mind to kill you." "You dassn't," came his wife's reply. "You're a coward and you dassn't."

The wife's retort several times repeated infuriated Clark and raising his revolver he shot her. The bullet entered the face an inch under the mouth at the right and passed on through the head, emerging at the base of the brain. Mrs. Clark staggered and fell. Into her prostrate form he shot three more bullets, one striking her shoulder and two entering the base of her brain.

A neighbor, who had seen the shooting rushed towards the spot. Clark met him at the gate and ordered him back at the point of the revolver. The man retreated, but Clark called him back. As he approached, Clark went to his wife's body, dropped to his knees, and raising the gun he fired a shot into his own temple. Death was instantaneous.

Neighbors carried Mrs. Clark into the house and summoned a physician. The woman lingered until 11 o'clock when she died.

HABGOOD-SHEAFFER.

Hon. R. P. Habgood United in Marriage to Miss Mary Sheaffer.

On June 6, 1911, at 4:30 p. m., at the home of Emma Catherine Fisher, No. 64 West 90th street, New York City, her neice, Miss Mary Ann Sheaffer (who has resided with her for some years) was married to Mr. Hobert Patton Habgood, of Bradford, Pa. The ceremony was performed by the Reverend F. F. Buermeyer, provisional pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran church of the Holy Trinity, of New York City. The bride is the daughter of Mr. Shingleton Sheaffer and the late Margaret Fisher Sheaffer, formerly of New Bloomfield, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Habgood will be at home at No. 73 West Cordyon street, Bradford, Pa., after July 5, 1911.—Bradford Era.

The Miner extends congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Habgood on this auspicious occasion.

Subscribe for The Miner.

Her Country

A Flag Day Story

By Clarissa Mackie

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Miss Fleming adjusted the spectacles on her thin nose and peered keenly, kindly at the principal of the Lakeland school. There was a look of steady expectancy in her little eyes as she waited for his response.

"What shall I do about the matter, Mr. Freeman, or do you want Miss Landis to make her own rules? Of course the other teachers are making the usual preparations for the observance of the anniversary of the birth of our glorious emblem of freedom."

"You say that Miss Landis refuses to carry out the program I have outlined?" he asked at last.

"Yes."

"What is her reason?"

"Why, she says it's asking too much of an Englishwoman to celebrate the birth of a flag that brought defeat to her countrymen."

"Please send Miss Landis to me, and I will talk with her."

After the assistant principal had departed Paul leaned back in his chair with a certain pleasurable expectancy in the coming interview. The shy reserve of the youngest teacher had proved a great attraction for the grave young man, and the occasional glimpses he had caught of her violet eyes under the thick fringe of lashes had been bittersweet lessons in a study that had not been included in the curriculum of his university.

The door opened, and Angela Landis entered the little office.

"You sent for me, Mr. Freeman?" she inquired in her low vibrant voice.

He turned his dark, thoughtful face toward her; it was almost stern in its self repression. "Yes, Miss Landis. Is it true that you have refused to carry out the Flag day program assigned to your room?"

"Yes," she said.

"Do you not call that insubordination?" he asked quietly.

"Yes."

"You know the penalty for that, Miss Landis?"

"The culprit shall be called before the board and if found guilty shall be dismissed," returned the youngest teacher promptly, quoting from the rules that hung in each classroom.

Paul's lips twitched a little. "I hope I shall be spared the unpleasantness, Miss Landis. Can we compromise on the matter?"

She looked out of the window with a tumbling loss and her cheeks flushed with sudden concern. It would be a serious catastrophe if she should lose her position in the Lakeland school. It would mean the breaking up of the tiny home she and her widowed mother had made in the new country and their removal to another town and the consequent expense, which they could ill afford.

The color faded from her cheeks, and a frightened questioning glance came into the violet eyes.

"You are troubled, Miss Landis. Perhaps I may be able to help you out," suggested the principal in his pleasant voice. He had read in her face the problems that confronted her. "Tell me what you did last year on the 14th of June?"

"I was not here then. I came at the same time you did, Mr. Freeman—at the opening of the fall term, in September."

The principal drew a sheet of paper from a drawer in his desk and studied the pencilled memoranda he had made of the exercises for Flag day. He looked up, and his brown eyes caught hers with one of his rare smiles.

"I see that your class is not called upon to perform many deeds of patriotism on the 14th. They are to assemble in the hall with the rest of the school, and three of your children are to recite poems about their—your—our flag, Miss Landis. Except for joining in the singing of patriotic songs they have nothing else to do. Surely you cannot object to drilling them in these poems, and the music instructor will take charge of the singing."

Miss Landis rose and stood before him, her red lips curving rebelliously. "I do object to carrying out these instructions, Mr. Freeman, but I must submit because I am afraid I will lose my position. But you don't know how I hate this country!" She turned flashing eyes upon him in which all the gentleness had given place to contempt.

"I wish you would tell me why you hate it," he said calmly.

"You cannot understand," she said bitterly. "I was born and bred in England. Until five years ago I had never seen America. Then my mother married again, and she married an American whom I detested. He talked of nothing save his country—its size, its superiority, its wealth—and he waved the American flag morning, noon and night. He was a broker, and his business was in New York. So we came here, and I went to a finishing school, where the girls laughed at my plain clothes and mocked my accent. Then my mother's husband lost everything he possessed and shortly after his failure died, leaving us almost penniless. He had lost my mother's little fortune as well as his own.

"I went to normal college and qualified for a teacher, and this is my first position. I cannot afford to lose it, Mr. Freeman, and so I shall do my best to drill my pupils in the patriotic lore of their country, for that is what I am paid to do, as Miss Fleming has reminded me."

Paul Freeman opened the door. "I am sorry you feel that way, Miss Landis, but I hope after awhile you will learn to like we Americans."

"If there is anything I can do to make the day less bitter," continued the principal, "tell me how to do it."

"Then excuse me from wearing one of the little silk flags in my hair and gown," said the young teacher promptly.

"You are excused from doing anything so distasteful," said Paul, a little stiffly.

"Thank you, Mr. Freeman. You have been more than kind," breathed Angela as she hurried down the corridor.

* * * * * * * *

The other teachers secretly smiled when they heard Miss Landis conscientiously drilling her class in the Flag day orations.

"Mr. Freeman deserves credit for bringing her to task," remarked Miss Fleming primly. "She was positively insolent to me. You may expect to see her treating her adopted country with respect hereafter."

On the morning of the 14th of June the assembly hall of the Lakeland school was filled with proud parents and relatives of the pupils. The room was draped with flags, great and small, and the platform was decorated with large bunches of daisies and snowballs. Behind the principal's chair there hung against the wall a large flag made of flowers—red and white geraniums and dark blue ageratum. The teachers were gowned in white, and each one wore a tiny silk flag in her hair and on her breast—that is, all save Angela Landis.

She looked very lovely in her gown of white India muslin, but her golden hair was quite unadorned. She sat on the platform near Miss Fleming, and she could not help overhearing that lady's caustic remarks to another teacher who sat in the row behind.

The music instructor was leading the assembled pupils in the hearty singing of "The Star Spangled Banner," and unthinkingly Angela's rich voice joined in the refrain. Somehow her heart had lost its bitterness for the country of her adoption, and the sight of the stars and stripes seemed to bring back most pleasantly her interview with the principal of Lakeland school, and when she met him in corridors or on the wide stairs her soft glance fell beneath the steady light in his brown eyes. She dreaded those silent meetings with their undercurrent of sweet emotion that she could not define.

The principal had left the platform and was conferring with some one in the audience. When he turned to retrace his steps the teachers were forming in line to march in their classes.

Angela was conspicuous in her lack of flag adornment, and the hot color flamed into her cheeks as she realized the open insult she was flinging at the stars and stripes under whose protection she lived, and she ardently wished she had not been so foolish. Something was opening her eyes to a broader vision—what, she did not know. She caught Paul's stern condemning glance and grew pale.

After awhile it was all over. Angela's carefully trained pupils carried off an honor prize, a silk flag to be hung behind the teacher's desk, and to Miss Fleming's amazement Angela gracefully received it in behalf of her class and proudly carried it when they marched back to their classrooms.

She was among the first to hasten home, and when Paul Freeman sought her after the exercises were over she was not to be found.

After supper that night, when the dusk was falling softly over Lakeland and the scent of the locust blossoms was heavy and the whippoorwill thrilled from gloomy thickets, Paul Freeman left his boarding house and went down the quiet road where the youngest teacher lived.

He saw a green shaded light in the cottage and Mrs. Ambler's aristocratic features outlined against a dark background. Then something white flitted across the room and came into the shadowy porch and sat down.

As the gate creaked under his touch the white shadow arose and waited until he paused at the foot of the steps.

"Miss Landis," he began, "I must thank you for"—

"Oh, no, no!" she interrupted softly. "I was thinking of you just now and wishing I could see you. I am so sorry. What a little beast I have been about the flag, but I do feel differently. Next Flag day"— Her voice trembled a little, for he had mounted the steps and taken her hands in his and pressed them to his lips with sudden passion. Then he took her in his arms, unresisting.

"Angela," he said firmly, "you're going to marry an American, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Angela in a small voice. "But how can you want to marry me after I refused to wear the little flags? It was so conspicuous when all the other teachers were wearing them. You should have insisted on my doing so."

"You were wearing them. You wear them every day, dear," he said, drawing her closer. "The red of your lips, the white of your brow and the blue of your eyes—those are the colors of my country."

"Our country, dear," whispered Angela.

His Night Off

And What It Accomplished For Him

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Dunbar stepped out of the Hill Park row building with a pleasant sense of freedom. He had turned in his last page of copy for the Sunday edition and he had twenty hours of rest and relaxation ahead of him. To Sam Dunbar, the most indefatigable worker on the Daily Universe, relaxation meant seeking his pleasure among haunts that must furnish copy. In his youthful enthusiasm his life had thus far consisted of work, sleep and work.

On this Saturday night Sam was inspired to seek the garish lights of the Bowery. In some restaurant there he might find the type of young man he was looking for—the weaker brother who had lost hope and self respect and who was burdened with a multitude of vices, yet in whom there might be some slumbering spark that could be fanned to a flame of renewed interest in life, ambition and, in the end, reputable citizenship. If he could prove that this might be done with some of the degenerate sons of the city, perhaps a measure of the gold that was steadily poured toward the enlightenment of the heathen of other lands might be diverted to that greatest of all charities at home.

Now he strolled along the Bowery, mingling with the crowds that thronged the sidewalks, looking here and there for a cheap eating house wherein he might find what he was looking for.

Sam Dunbar was hungry up his last in a chop house preparatory to taking a seat at one of the full dressed tables when the fat man at the end with whom he had picked out for his prey

"OH, TAKE HIM AWAY," SHE CRIED.

suddenly arose from his seat and approached the cashier's desk. Sam looked around at the other patrons of the place—two fashionably dressed men at a distant corner. Here and there a man was eating a solitary meal, and directly opposite Sam a girl was bent over the cross bill of fare.

There was something in the droop of her shoulders that appealed to him. They looked like shoulders that were accustomed to carrying themselves proudly, but now they hunched together, and the enormous beaver hat was so slopped down about the girl's face that he could see nothing save a round white chin and a pair of red lips that undoubtedly trembled.

Regardless of the waiter's disdainful glance and the insulting laugh of a man in a striped suit of clothes, Sam reclaimed his hat and moved across to the table occupied by the girl. She did not lift her head at his approach. She merely bowed it lower over the framed cardboard until the broken feather on her hat nearly swept the table.

The broken feather decided the matter for Sam Dunbar. If there was no degenerate young man to be reclaimed that night, here was material to his hand, or, as he told himself, for his paper.

The waiter shoved a card under Sam's nose and thumped a glass of water on the table.

"A porterhouse steak and coffee," was his decision.

"And yours?" The waiter snapped the question at the girl.

"A sandwich and a cup of tea," came from under the beaver hat in a very small voice.

The waiter departed and returned almost immediately with the tea and sandwich.

The girl slowly lifted her head and made a pretense at eating the food. Sam, apparently absorbed in a newspaper, noted that she ate daintily and that her hands were pretty and well kept. Her face was charmingly sweet and refined.

Where had she come from? What was she doing here on the Bowery? Sam asked himself these questions as he discussed his meal. He wished there was something that he could do. He felt that she needed protection. Hers was the timidity of innocence. There was no guile in the frightened blue eyes that evaded his.

An opportunity came. The door swung open, and a man entered, a swaggering, half drunken individual, who made slow progress up the room, supporting himself by a dirty hand laid on the tables. When he reached the table where the young reporter and the girl sat the man paused and stared foolishly at the girl.

"Say, Mabel," he began, with a threatening glance toward Sam, "if youse wants me to throw him out I will. What say?"

The girl uttered a little cry and flashed an appealing glance toward Sam. "Oh, take him away!" she cried nervously.

Just then the waiter blustered up and with little ceremony ejected the newcomer from the place.

The girl was rising from her seat and fumbling in a small bag that hung from her waist. Sam pushed aside his own unfinished meal.

"If you're afraid of that fellow, Miss Mabel," he was beginning when the girl put out a protesting hand.

"Oh, you are mistaken," she said, with a broken little laugh. "My name isn't Mabel, and I never saw him before in my life. He was merely offensive, that's all."

Suddenly he arose and reached for his hat. "This is a pretty tough section," he said quietly. "I wonder if you'd let me put you on a car for home?"

The girl hesitated and looked at him. Their eyes met in a long, earnest, absorbing glance. At last the girl uttered a little sigh of relief.

"If you will be so very kind," she said gently.

The waiter grinned sardonically as they paid their checks and passed out of the restaurant together.

"Which way?" inquired Sam as they paused on the sidewalk.

"Way uptown—Ninety second street," returned the girl. "If you will put me on a car"—

"I'll see to that," said Sam. "There's an elevated station two blocks down. I will be glad to see you all the way home if you will permit me," he suggested.

"You are very kind, but perhaps I am taking you out of your way," said the girl.

"Not at all. This is my night off."

They walked slowly down the well lighted thoroughfare, the girl's face quite hidden by the enormous beaver hat. Sam Dunbar walked very straight, his broad shoulders thrown back as if braced to meet some expected trouble. His handsome brows knitted in perplexity.

Not a word was spoken until they were in the train rumbling northward.

"I would like to ask you what you're doing so far from home," hesitated Sam at last. "That's a pretty tough part of the city, you know."

"I do know it," she said quickly. "That is why I went there."

"But, miss, it is tough," he repeated incredulously.

She nodded her head till the broken feather waved in unison. "I don't believe you would like to hear why I went there."

He looked upon her. "Well, I would like to hear," he said bluntly. "You don't seem to be wandering around the city like this."

"I'm not in search of I look," she protested. "I hope you will understand me. I suppose all the down there suspect, but I had to find myself down there." She blurted it out as if relieved of a burden of secrecy.

"A reporter? If you are a settlement worker?"

"No. You see, I am a woman reporter for the Daily Shore. I have come in contact with some of the unfortunate girls of the city, and I thought that in my spare moments I might get down among them and perhaps be the means of leading a few of them back into a better life." She blushed rosily under the disreputable hat.

He sighed with relief at her confession. "But that was a mighty dangerous thing for you to do," he advised her. "You might get into serious trouble yourself. Tonight was your first attempt?"

"Yes, and I was so frightened. I picked out that chophouse, and I felt so perfectly awful with this wicked feather in my hat." She reached up and plucked out the offending feather. "I suppose I've made a failure of the whole thing just when I thought I was going to accomplish such a noble work. There is a man on the Universe who reaches young men in this way, and his example inspired me to do likewise. His name is Dunbar."

"Perhaps we can work together," said Sam quietly, fishing a card from his pocket and handing it to her.

She uttered a little cry of delight. "How very strange"— she was beginning, when a sudden thought brought the roses to her cheek once more. "You thought—you thought you were going to save me?" she asked quickly.

It was Sam's turn to blush. "I might have known you were different," he said apologetically.

She waved the feather thoughtfully. "Not while I wore that, Mr. Dunbar. I believe we are coming to my station."

Sam accompanied her to her home in a most irreproachable neighborhood. In the months that followed it was his good fortune to instruct her in other matters outside of the sphere of philanthropy.

In the end they formed a matrimonial partnership and worked together for the reclamation of unfortunates. Once a week they entered the restaurant where they had first met and dined under the contemptuous glance of the waiter.

"I don't know if I ever told you, Sam, but I believed you to be a reprobate when you sat down by me that first night, and I was so afraid of you."

"You've got over it bravely enough," replied her husband, trying to look henpecked and dismally failing in his attempt.

NAVAL GUN POINTERS.

How They Are Aided by the Telescope Sight and Crossbar.

Perhaps very few outside of the service know of the important part that the telescope and the crossbar sight have played in the development of target work. Before the recent introduction of the telescope and the crossbar the gun pointer strained his eyes in the impossible effort to adjust their focus to three widely separated objects simultaneously, the rear sight a few inches away, the front sight a dozen feet distant from the rear one and the target anywhere from 1,500 to 13,000 yards. Ordnance experts worked over this problem, and the result was the introduction of the telescopic sight and the crossbars—two pieces of crossed wire at the end of the telescope. When these "cut" on the target the gun pointer presses his electric button and the gun does the rest.

It is eminently spectacular, this great gun battery practice. This is from a description given to the writer by an umpire whose station was on one of the ships towing the target: "Through the glasses you could see a needle-like flash from the firing ship, a vessel so far distant that her outline was but an indistinct blur upon the horizon. Having caught the flash, the glass is dropped, the eye goes to the stop watch, and you begin to count—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven—and about then you will hear a faint drone which in the next fraction of a second swells into a mighty roar—the roar of an express rushing at the rate of thirty miles a second. With the roar come a flying of splinters from the target, a geyser leaping a hundred feet in air, then another and another, as the ricocheting shell glances from wave to wave, and then, last of all, the faint, faroff boom of the gun which had hurled the missile."—Harper's Weekly.

DECORATED HIS SHIP.

Sir John Had Little Paint and a Fine Sense of Humor.

It is not often the administration of England's naval affairs is attended with any humorous features, but on one occasion at least an officer of the royal navy contributed quaintly to the archives of the admiralty.

Once, before the days of steel ships, the allowance of paint in the royal navy was very small, and sometimes the officers had to pay large sums in order that their ships might maintain a decent appearance. Sir John Phillimore resorted to a funny expedient either to soften the heart of the navy board or, if that proved impossible, to express his opinion. He painted one side of his yellow frigate black and white and used the rest of the black paint in printing on the other side in large letters, "No more paint!"

The navy board wrote to call his attention to the impropriety of his conduct and signed themselves, as they did officially, "Your affectionate friends." Sir John made reply that he could not obliterate the objectionable letters unless he were given more paint and signed all self in turn "Your affectionate friend, John Phillimore."

The naval authorities then called his attention to the impropriety of the signature to which Sir John responded, acknowledging the letter stating he regretted that the paint had not been sent and ending, "I am no longer your affectionate friend, John Phillimore."

His frigate was permitted to retain her original yellow, and thus the navy board punished Sir John's impertinence.

The Last Laugh.

Hogan was selling a clock. He was fairly successful in disposing of tickets in the shop where he worked, but he ran up against trouble when he canvassed his neighbors. Dropping in at a neighbor's house, he tried to sell a ticket on the clock.

"It's a fine timepiece and it'll look fine on yer whatnot or mantel," says Hogan cajolingly.

"Gwan, the old clock doesn't run," replied the neighbor.

"Well," drawled Hogan, changing front completely, "well, perhaps yez won't win it and then ye'll have the laugh on the fellow who does."—Milwaukee Free Press.

Lengthening the Day.

A couple of laborers who had been working at the waterworks got into conversation.

"I say, Bob," exclaimed one of the men, "you are a bit of a scholar. Can you tell me who it was that ordered the sun to stand still?"

"I don't know," replied Bob. "Some son of a gun of a contractor who wanted a big day's work out of the laboring man, you can bet."—London Answers.

Could Imitate.

Pater—Can you give my daughter the comforts to which she has been accustomed? Suitor—Yes, sir. I've breakfasted at your home, and I'm certain that I can complain about the coffee, read the paper, demand the discharge of the cook and announce that I'll dine at the club.—Toledo Blade.

Making It Pleasant For Her.

Elderly Relative (sniffing)—Bertha, is it possible that you allow smoking in your parlor? Married Niece—Certainly, auntie. You can smoke your pipe here if you like.—Chicago Tribune.

Plenty of Chances.

It never is necessary to hunt for long or to travel far if one is looking for a chance to do a good deed.—Chicago Record-Herald.

State.

Governor—John K. Tener.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheta.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Benton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—Charles B. Patton, Curwensville.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—R. W. Hilton, Smethport; E. R. Benson, Mt. Jewett.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—H. F. Murray, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. —Eldred, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank E. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Lavelle, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Aslet, Bradford; W. C. Hotter, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Anders, Clermont; A. R. Cary, Coryville.
Coroner—E. R. Sherrard, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hayle.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. M. Elsner, Secretary; J. W. Wallis, E. W. Worsley, C. H. Deuling, F. L. Shamburg, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sasse.
Justices—E. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—U. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer, John B. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. F. Daly, E. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 338, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
EDGAR W. STRONG, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 339, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Military degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 223, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

I. O. of T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 45, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 33, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
ELIZABETH PURTLE, Pres.
ANNIE STARR, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAILE, W. M.
MRS. R. F. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
JOHN PICKERSGILL, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

CHURCHES

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McCloskey, Pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League meets at 6 p. m.; Evening service, 7:30; Mid Week Prayer and Praise service, Wednesday evening.

Episcopal—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 p. m. (except on first Sunday of each month), on Saint Matthias' Day at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—First Sunday each month, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Holy Communion and Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—F. P. Kane, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—L. E. Titus, pastor. Services at the Baptist Church every Sunday at 2:00 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:00.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.
Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

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—AND—
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JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

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In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's

Cut Flowers and Potted Plants At Brasted's

We also have a nice line of Groceries.

McKean County Miner

Smethport Thursday, June 8 1911

Local and General

—D F Wilson will move his family to Bradford where he will continue in the automobile business

—Ralph K Burdick is driving a new Overland 40 purchased through the agency of F H Reed Bradford

—Misses Ric and Stella Rubin entertained the Bridge Whist Club at their home on King street yesterday afternoon

—Mr and Mrs George Warner desire to thank their kind friends and neighbors who remembered them in their late bereavement

—The fifth division of the Travelers Club held a rummage sale this Thursday in the vacant store room in the Rubin block and the total receipts were over $100

—County Superintendent of Schools C W Hillibridge has rented the W F Specht house on King street and will move his family here from Hundred about the first of June

—Leon Aplow who was recently convicted in the Tioga county courts of murder in the second degree has been charged with killing his wife on Thanksgiving day 1910 has been sentenced to the state penitentiary for a period of not less than five nor more than 20 years

—Harry J Rees is driving a new Brush runabout Last night he is keeping his business dodging telegraph poles and other obstacles but is learning to be determined and persevering soon. Hustler we expect to see a complete master of this art in a short time

—Arlie Parker a colored man who was to Coneys and who has been a well known character about Bradford for a good many years was found dead in the rear room of the colored Elks club rooms on Chambers street last Thursday afternoon by Frank A Reed a member of that order Reed says that Arlie there earlier in the day but thought he was asleep and did not disturb him Parker was addicted to strong drink and it is thought his death was due to alcoholism

—A reward of $ 00 is offered by the county commissioners of Elk county for the detection or apprehension and conviction of the two Macedonians named Virgil Nichols who is charged with the murder of Iolo Nicholas James City on Saturday May 20th 1911 Circulars have been issued showing the picture of Nichols and his description also the description of Iolo but not his picture as one could not be obtained Any information leading to the whereabouts of the men will be gladly received by the Elk county commissioners

—Dressed only in her night gown Mrs John Baumgartner, wife of a prosperous farmer in Indiana township rode on the bare back of a fleet footed horse ten miles at 4 o'clock last Friday morning to summon a physician for her dying husband But her wild ride was all in vain for when she returned Mr Baumgartner was dead When her husband was attacked suddenly with apoplexy Mrs Baumgartner ran to the barn mounted their fastest horse and without taking time to saddle it rode to the [illegible] She was exhausted when [illegible] at her destination

—Dirt is the most expensive [illegible] from the barn owned by J W Cooper above the Northwood mill was struck lightning [illegible] but little damage was done Mrs Young boy from town was [illegible] being in that vicinity [illegible] the heavy downpour of rain and it is [illegible] that some of them were killed They were slightly stunned by the shock but they hurried out unharmed —Coudersport Dispatch

Under the provisions of the School Code which recently became the law in all school matters the Normal Schools are incorporated as a part of the public school system A further section provides for their being taken over by the State and managed by a board of nine trustees to be appointed by the State Board of Education The move is a good one since the State by paying less than $40 000 will come into absolute possession of property valued at $1 00 000 The State Normal School at [illegible] is splendid building and [illegible] to be taken over by the state [illegible] city council invites the [illegible] to locate in the present [illegible] The children [illegible] are [illegible] with diarrhoea the [illegible] six week The [illegible] never prove [illegible] even a larger influence

—Frank Burr Nyce and Oliver Wilson Bruce Republican candidates for [illegible] Treasurer one piece of [illegible] elemental in its character which causes [illegible] terrible excitement in Room [illegible] makes them the hardest kind of a problem to solve It is impossible [illegible] tendency to rebel in the [illegible] tion which place him on a level with his fellow workmen One [illegible] serious [illegible] [illegible] and endowed by nature with [illegible] and fitness for [illegible] [illegible] the reverse [illegible] [illegible] his spiritual habits that [illegible] fere materially with good [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] his life to begin with The first man's efficiency is let us say, fifty per cent greater than that of the second man Yet both must work for the same wage and be governed by the same rules and by laws The first man does not relish it and never will

—Attorney Thomas Storrs of Olean who was found guilty of forgery in the second degree was sentenced last Thursday to serve not less than two and one half years and not more than five years in prison Storrs attorney F J Nelson, of Hornell served notice of appeal and Judge Hickey granted a certificate of reasonable doubt Storrs was admitted to bail in a reasonable sum In the regular course of things the appeal would come up at the September term of the appellate division of the supreme court at Rochester Storrs is accused of forging a bill of sale in the will of the late Milton J Smith a wealthy lumberman of Portville, in favor of his bride of nine months Mr Orin Smith, amounting to $10 000 in notes jewelry, and other articles Storrs with Mrs Smith was indicted by a special grand jury last January, and tried this spring in a civil action suit which resulted in a disagreement of the jury

CURIOUS CUSTOMS

Norman French Still Used In Lawmaking In England.

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL FARCES.

Amusing History of a Royal Daily Ration of Rum and the Astonishing Story of a Stolid Sentry and an Innocent Grass Plot.

In Europe there is perhaps nothing more astonishing to the American mind than the persistency with which certain old customs are maintained The Romans, for instance, keep up the saturnalia of their ancient pagan ancestors in a harmless way, and the Florentines go on one morning of the year to catch crickets in the grass simply because the Etruscans did this same thing 2,000 years ago

John Bull has always had an affection for the old ways So persistent is he in keeping to the forms and traditions of the past that his French neighbor over the way has dubbed the United Kingdom a museum of antiquities among modern nations.

It is somewhat odd that the Norman French of Edward the Confessor should still be the language the legal voice, of parliament, but so it is in a way Whenever a bill has passed the commons the clerk before he forwards it to the house of lords writes upon it, according to the ancient usage "Soit baillé aux seigneurs (Let it be sent to the lords) If it is sent from the peers to the commons it bears the like indorsement Soit baillé aux communes' (Let it be sent to the commons)

Should a bill pass both houses it needs only the royal assent to become a law Here the Norman French appears again The commons summoned by the usher of the black rod, are admitted to the bar of the house of lords to hear the statement of his majesty's commissioners. When all are assembled the lord chancellor makes a sign to his assistant who reads the title of the bill and then says in a loud voice Le roi le veult" (The king wills it) In the case of financial bills the form is this "Le roi remercie ses bons sujets, accepte leur benevolence, et ainsi le veult' (The king thanks his good subjects accepts their faith and so wills it). For private bills the form is, 'Soit fait comme il est desire' (Let it be done as is desired) Sometimes if the bill is of special importance, the sanction of his majesty is given in person In such a case the king seated on the throne at one end of the chamber, bows his assent as the clerk reads the title.

The inflexibility of Russian official orders has resulted in some queer and needless fixtures in the official system. Quite a ludicrous discovery of this sort was made by the Empress Catherine, who was the mother of that Emperor Paul who was assassinated in 1801 Catherine at one time was inspired by some passing whim of economy to scrutinize the imperial household accounts To her amazement, she found among other queer items that "one bottle of rum daily" was charged to the heir apparent Inasmuch as her son, Nastedulk then a young man had never evinced any signs of intemperate habits his mother was greatly astonished. Going over the accounts to ascertain how long this sort of thing had been enduring, she found to her still greater astonishment that the said expenditure went back to the day of his birth, and indeed far beyond it.

So it appeared the heir to the throne had been charged with drinking over thirty dozen bottles of fine Jamaica rum ever since he was born but for a long time before that. It is hardly necessary to add that the empress made a thorough investigation of this queer entry Finally, by the aid of an antiquarian she at last reached the original entry

A century or so before the imperial physician had prescribed for the Nasledulk of the period, on account of a violent toothache a teaspoonful of rum, to be taken with sugar" This dose was given for several days in succession, and the nurse in charge had deemed it more fitting to the imperial dignity as well as more profitable to herself, to purchase a new bottle of rum each day No one had ever given the order to discontinue the purchase and it had gone on for a century the rum having constituted one of the perquisites of the court nurse

When Bismarck during the term of his mission as ambassador at St. Petersburg was walking one afternoon in the summer garden he met the emperor who invited the diplomatist to continue his stroll with him Soon Bismarck noticed a sentry stationed in the middle of a large grass plot. He asked what the soldier was doing there The czar did not know The aid de-camp did not know So inquiry was made of the sentry himself

"It is ordered," was his reply.

Every official gave the same answer, "It is ordered" but nobody knew by whom. A sentry had always stood guard in the middle of that innocent grass plot. The archives were searched, but in vain Finally an aged official was found who gave the explanation. He had had it from his father that the Empress Catherine had once seen a snowdrop ready to bloom in that plot and had ordered a sentry to stand guard and allow no one to pluck it. For more than a century the watch had been maintained because "it was ordered' and because no one had ever dreamed of disobeying the order or questioning any one as to the reason therefor—New York Press.

PILFERING A BASE

One of the Most Closely Calculated Plays In Baseball.

WORKING A DELAYED STEAL.

The Way This Clever Trick, That Was Invented by Harry Stovey, Used to Be Pulled Off by "Big Bill" Lange. Anson's Wasted Sacrifice Bunt.

"Base stealing, the gentle art of sprinting and 'hitting the dirt,' is the finest drawn and most closely calculated play in baseball and the one that, above all others, reveals the mathematical exactitude of the national game,' says Hugh S. Fullerton in the American Magazine "A player who can run eighty five feet in three and one-third seconds from a flat footed start ought to reach second base exactly tied with the ball, nine times out of ten starts, if the play is perfectly made by the runner, pitcher catcher and baseman The slightest inaccuracy or hesitation decides the play

"It seems a simple matter to run ninety feet while a ball is being thrown sixty-eight feet and caught and thrown back approximately 132 feet, caught again and held in position to touch the runner Yet there are art and science in the feat.

There were great base runners in the old days. This was chiefly because in the early days stealing second base was the chief aim of the game Mike Kelly Billy Hamilton who in two successive seasons stole over 100 bases and Big Bill Lange, who stole 100 times in one season were all great runners who would be great under present conditions. I recall vividly Lange's one hundredth stolen base which established his record. He was on second base with no one out, and Chicago needed one run to win the game. Anson was at the bat, and after his stolid, businesslike style he poked down a perfect sacrifice bunt and went lumbering toward first base Lange started for third base stopped and trotted back to second Halfway to the bench Anson discovered where Lange was and came near having a stroke of apoplexy Lange had deliberately permitted his captain to sacrifice without advancing Then by a wonderful dashing start Lange stole third base, scored on a fly and the game was won Because he won the game Anson forgave him, but the modern player who attempted such a thing would be suspended and fined.

"The most effective steal ever devised is the delayed steal which, although used during the early development of the game, was neglected for many years until revived by Manager Chance of the Chicago Cubs. It was used with great effect by Bill Lange and appears to have been invented by Harry Stovey, a wonderful base runner of the early days. The theory of the steal is to catch the catcher and the infielder unprepared and out of position and its success lies entirely in its unexpectedness.

"Lange, the leading exponent of the delayed steal made it after this fashion. As the ball would be pitched he would leave first base at top speed and sprint as hard as he could perhaps twenty-eight to thirty five feet then stop short, hesitate and act as if he had blundered and intended to try to regain first base If he succeeded in drawing the throw to first base he proceeded to second at top speed. But in the great majority of cases the catcher would not attempt to throw to either base, but would keep motioning as if threatening to throw and all the time Lange would be edging back inch by inch toward first jockeying with the catcher The catcher satisfied that danger was past and that it was useless to throw to first, would relax from throwing position ease down his arm and get ready to toss the ball back to the pitcher The moment Lange saw the arm drop and the catcher change the position of his feet he would dash at top speed for second pase The catcher would leap back into throwing position raise his arm again and throw provided the shortstop and second baseman had not deserted the base and walked back toward their regular positions. If they lost a fraction of a second in recovering the base Lange would beat the ball The fatal hesitancy of the catcher and baseman gave him his opportunity

"Stealing third base from second is much easier in reality than stealing second from first, although it is attempted much less frequently The runner 'moving up with his arm' can take more than twice the lead from second base than from first, and, besides that, it is much easier to gain a flying start. It has however been declared bad judgment to steal third except in close games with one out and the opposing pitcher going well and preventing hitting In such cases, where one run will win or tie, stealing third is advised by many It is more difficult to see the pitcher's movements from behind him than from one side Still, the runner need not start as quickly but can start at top speed when he sees the pitcher swinging his arm advance a third of the way to third base and then retreat in safety because the catcher's throw is much longer Also he is in much better position to take advantage of any slight slip in the work of the battery"

Wife's Mother, of Course.

Mabel—If your grandma has lost all her teeth, how does she eat? Willie—I heard pa say she had a biting tongue—Exchange.

LEGLESS AND ARMLESS.

Yet Kavanaugh Was a Daring Rider and a Famous Sportsman.

Far and away the most interesting member and in many ways the most remarkable man who has ever sat in the house of commons was the Right Hon. Arthur Kavanaugh, who sat for Carlow from 1809 to 1880 under conditions which would have been impossible for almost any other man

Kavanaugh was born without arms or legs—he was, in fact, a mere trunk of a man. And yet he performed a feat from which most men with their full complement of members might well have shrunk

Strapped on to his saddle, he was one of the most skillful and daring riders to hounds in all Ireland. On one occasion, it is said, "the saddle turned under him, and the horse trotted back to the stable yard with his master hanging under him, his hair sweeping the ground bleeding profusely He merely cursed the groom with emphatic volubility, had himself more safely readjusted and rode out once more"

So remarkable was the sight of this pink clad trunk perched on his big horse that a child who once saw him dashing out of a wood ran shrieking to her mother, exclaiming 'Oh mummy, I've seen Satan himself! I've seen him sure enough!"

Kavanaugh was also an enthusiastic yachtsman and was the first to assert the right of M P's to moor their craft opposite the houses of parliament. He went on a shooting expedition to Algiers and published a charming book on his experiences, illustrated with admirable photographs taken by himself, while among his favorite pastimes were angling and tree felling

His most famous exploit however was his ride from Norway to India Accompanied by two friends he rode across Russia to the Caspian sea, thence to Astrakhan and Astrabad and through Persia, laughing at the perils and fatigues of a journey which might well have daunted even the famous Colonel Burnaby

Kavanaugh, who was the father of four handsome sons and daughters, all perfectly formed, was carried into the house of commons on the back of an attendant and was certainly one of the keenest and ablest of legislators of his time.—London Tit Bits.

CHANCES OF LIFE.

Figures That Indicate Your Probable Future In Years

Do you ever wonder how long you are going to live? Ask an actuary, the man who figures it all out for the life insurance companies and who can tell with almost supernatural precision

He'll tell you that if you are 20, and in good health, chances are 12 to 1 that you'll live beyond 30. For longer life he'll offer these odds: To be 40, 5½ to 1; to be 50, 3 to 1, to be 60, 1 2 3 to 1 But he'll say that you have less than 1 chance in 2½ to be 70, less than 1 in 5½ to be 80 and only 1 chance in 100 to be 90

Suppose you are 30 Your chances run this way To be 40, 11 to 1, to be 50, 4½ to 1, to be 60, 2¼ to 1, to be 70 4½ chances in 10 to be 80 1 in 5½ to be 90 1 in 100

Or 40 years old Actuaries odds are To be 50 8 1-3 to 1 to be 60 2 ¼ to 1 to be 70, 5 chances out of 10 to be 80 1 in 5¾ plus to be 90 1 in 100

Fifty year olds' prospects are figured To be 60, 4¾ to 1, to be 70, about 1¼ to 1 to be 80, only 1 in 5 to be 90 1 in 100

Say you are 60 It runs this way at that age To be 70 2 to 1 to be 80 1 chance in 4 to be 90, 1 in 90

If you are 70 your chances of turning the 80 year milepost are 3 to 8, to be 90, 1 in 50

Eighty-year-old men and women have only 1 chance in 17 to strive off the funeral until after 90

If you are 90 there's no hope for you The actuaries have no figures.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune

Field's Finishing Touch

Eugene Field was once visiting the house of Richard Henry Stoddard in New York During the evening a certain well known physician dropped in He was a serious man and a bit pompous The talk turned on diet

"Doctor," said Stoddard I've heard that you eat two eggs at breakfast every morning the year round'

"No' said the doctor emphatically 'No On the contrary'

"On the contrary!' cried Stoddard. 'What's the contrary of eating two eggs'

Laying two eggs," came in deep solemn tones from Field.

Appearances

Millionaire (to ragged beggar)—You ask for alms and do not even take your hat off Is that the proper way to beg? Beggar—Pardon me sir A policeman is looking at us from across the street If I take my hat off he'll arrest me for begging, as it is, he naturally takes us for old friends.—Fliegende Blatter

The Puzzle

We can understand the ease with which a fool and his money are parted, but what puzzles us is how the fool got the money to part with.—Cleveland Plain Dealer

Bound to Be Discovered

If a man is really reliable he doesn't have to devote much of his time to exploiting that virtue, you are watched pretty closely whether you know it or not.—Atchison Globe.

They are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing —Shakespeare.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it.

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer

Smethport, Pa.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

Automobiles

I have secured the agency for Stoddard Dayton cars for Elk and McKean counties If you are thinking of buying an auto please consult me 33 different styles and size desired Prices range from $1 [illegible] to $4 000 00 I can [illegible] your [illegible] buyers

J W WITTMAN Jr,

Agent

ST MARYS Elk County PENNA

Horses for Sale.

One pair of six year olds well matched good workers and good drivers, weighs 2800

One odd horse 8 years old good single or double Phone 148 L or address

ALBERT F HACKETT,

Mch 2 tf Smethport Pa

INSURANCE!

Life, Fire & Accident

—WRITTEN BY—

W. F. SPECHT,

Smethport, Pa.

In good reliable companies

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block opposite Fry & Comas, I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging [illegible] Millinery and a 5 and 10 cent counter Give me a call

May Chadwick,

Smethport, Pa.

Bucknell Academy

FOR BOYS

Lewisburg, Penna.

Prepares young men for College preliminary law examination and teaching

Classical Latin Scientific and Scientific Courses

Academy students have the use of Bucknell University Libraries Laboratories and other equipment

Successful out door and gymnasium athletics

Expenses for one year $250.

For information write to

Prin. Walter S. Wilcox, Sc. M.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $1.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, June 8, 1911.

Judge Criswell of Venango county, has made an order discontinuing the audit proceedings which have been pending before him relative to the expense account of ex-Congressman Jos. C. Sibley. This order was made on a petition signed by nearly all of the petitioners who instituted the proceedings and is based on the condition of Mr. Sibley's health. It is claimed by physicians that the prolonging of Mr. Sibley's life depends upon absolute freedom from all physical and mental exertion.

The fight between Collier's and William Randolph Hearst, which has resulted in a $500,000 libel suit by the latter against the publisher of Collier's, is the biggest thing in its line that has yet developed so far as alleged damages are concerned. The Collier publication charges the New York Journal with booming such theatrical concerns as would take a page advertisement at a $1,000 per page, it being alleged that for each page "ad" a Brisbane editorial endorsement was to be published. For a half page, Collier's alleges, Nell Brinkley, the artist, would devise pictorial advertising matter in lieu of a Brisbane editorial. Collier's in its issue of last week printed an elaborate and lengthy article to prove its claim and on the day of publication W. R. Hearst instituted legal proceedings charging wilful and malicious libel. Collier's is backed by ample means and the Hearst publications are powerful in their financial strength—their publisher being immensely wealthy. Both sides are prepared to fight their legal battles without worrying as to lawyers' fees. And the courts will decide the issue.—Era.

By common consent the trust problem is to be solved—some day—by placing big corporations directly under federal control and regulation. Judge Gary of the United States steel corporation, is of that opinion and the leading spirits of "The Business," generally, are beginning to realize that this is the true solution to their legal troubles.

Theodore Roosevelt in an article in last week's Outlook has the following on this subject:

"As construed by the strenuous exponents the anti-trust law accomplishes a certain amount of good, and it has been a good thing to obtain the decision that has been obtained against the Standard Oil company. But as a means of effectively grappling on behalf of the whole people with the problem created by what are commonly called trusts—that is, of enormous combinations of corporate capital engaged in interstate business—the anti-trust law is radically and vitally defective, and any effort to strengthen it would be worse than futile, and would effectively be postponing the time during which the corporations will escape control of the kind demanded in the interest of the people.

"What is urgently needed is the enactment of drastic and far-reaching legislation which shall put the great interstate business corporations of the type of the Standard Oil company, the sugar trust, the steel trust, and the like, at least as completely under the control and regulation of the government in each and every respect as the interstate railroads are now."

It will be borne in mind that the railroads are not permitted to raise their freight rates to figures that seem unjust to the Interstate Commerce Commission. A decision by that body on the rate question was recently put to a severe test and found effective. In like manner it is proposed to have enacted a law to regulate big corporations and fix certain bounds, within "reason," in which they may carry on their campaigns of competition.

Notice to Contractors.

Notice is hereby given that the Supervisors of Lafayette Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, will receive sealed bids for opening, making and constructing a road, beginning at the center of the road leading from Westline to the Kane and Lafayette road at a point North 0 degrees, 30 minutes East, 186 feet from where the east side, produced, of R. Dewey's house intersects the center of said road, and ending at the junction of the road from Kane to Lafayette, in accordance with report of viewers filed in the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Dec. 12, 1910, and approved and confirmed by said Court. Bids must be in the hands of Wm. Doyle of Marshburg, Pa., secretary of said Supervisors, on or before 8 p. m., June 30, 1911.

Said bids will be opened and the contract let at Mt. Alton, McKean County, Pennsylvania, on Saturday, July 1st, 1911.

Said supervisors reserve the right to reject any or all bids. A full description of said road may be obtained from said Wm. Doyle, Secretary. The successful bidder must furnish bond as may be required by said Supervisors.

WM. DOYLE, Secretary.
Marshburg, Pa.

Dated June 1st, 1911. Jun8-4t

MUST BE CAREFUL.

The merchant who shaves the bottom of his peck measure an inch or two nearer the top than it has any right to be, or who in odd moments digs small particles out of the bottom of his 16-ounce weight with his trusty barlow knife, will have to hunt cover in such cities and counties as take advantage of the McClung act, providing for county and city inspectors of weights and measures, which was signed by Governor Tener. The first offense of anyone giving short weight or measure is to be punishable by a fine of from $50 to $200 and the second and subsequent offenses by a fine of $100 and from thirty to ninety days in jail.—Ex.

For Sale or Rent.

New eight-roomed house with good barn and two acres of land. Fifteen minutes walk from Court House. Address LOCK BOX 428, Apr.20-tf Smethport, Pa.

PERSONAL MENTION

Roy Stark spent Sunday in Bradford.

B. D. Ames spent Tuesday in Eldred.

Guy B. Mayo was a Bradford visitor last Friday.

Miss Rose Curtis was a Bradford visitor Friday.

Attorney J. E. Mullin of Kane attended court this week.

Lyman H. Finney of Bradford is in town on business this week.

Mrs. John Okerlund and son, Edwin, spent Sunday in Mt. Jewett.

Harry Millward of Bradford was a business visitor in town yesterday.

W. B. Means was a business visitor in Indiana, Pa., the forepart of the week.

Dr. Roswell Sartwell of Bradford had business in town the first of the week.

Lawrence Coleman of Port Allegany is visiting friends in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Anderson of Colegrove spent Sunday with relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Pomeroy of Port Allegany were Smethport callers Sunday.

Mrs. W. A. Harris of Lyndonville, N. Y., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Cooke.

C. F. Baller of the Port Allegany Argus, was a pleasant caller at this office Monday.

Mrs. W. D. Morey and daughter, Katherine, of Bradford are guests of friends in town.

Miss Zella Means returned Tuesday from a month's visit with relatives in Georgeville, Pa.

F. J. Shattuck of Linesville, Pa., is a guest at the home of his daughter, Mrs. H. L. Backus.

Prof. Fred Bright of the New Castle high school is a guest of his brother, Prof. Stanley Bright.

Mrs. Sidney Owen of Port Allegany was visiting relatives and friends in town Thursday.

Rev. and Mrs. J. H. McCandless arrived home on Monday from an extended visit in the South.

Dr. and Mrs. Pearson of Buffalo, N. Y., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan Gorton over Sunday.

Bert Cooper of Turtle Point was in town to-day and found time to make this office a most pleasant call.

Dr. John Tretton of Rochester, N. Y., is visiting at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Tretton.

Miss Ruth Holmes returned home Friday from Poughkeepsie where she has been a student for the past year.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Morrison and son, Tom, attended the Davis-Burns nuptials at Bradford yesterday.

Editor B. G. McFall of the Eldred Eagle is in town attending court this week and made this office a pleasant call.

Mrs. W. L. Hammar, who has been spending the winter at Corpus Christi, Texas, has returned home for the summer.

Clinton McAhon of Wellsville, N. Y., is the guest of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. McAhon, of East Smethport.

Miss Roxie King who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George King of East Smethport, returned to Allentown on Tuesday.

Mrs. Zook and daughter, Clara, of Bradford returned home Monday evening from a visit with Mrs. M. O'Reilly and Mrs. Mary L. Bisset.

Humane Officer A. N. Heard, of Bradford was a pleasant caller at this office Monday. Mr. Heard is contemplating being a candidate for coroner this fall.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Choate and son, Homer, returned home Monday from Uniontown, Pa., where Mrs. Choate and son have been visiting for the past two months.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus and Mr. and Mrs. John Saulpaugh went to Buffalo on Tuesday and returned home with two E. M. F. automobiles for the Backus Novelty Company.

Chief of Police Ives of Kane was in town yesterday and made this office a pleasant call. Mr. Ives informs us that his salary has been raised and he now draws $80 a month.

Rev. Charles E. McCoy of Providence, R. I., is here spending his vacation with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy. He will be here the greater part of the time for a month.

Mrs. George Howe and son, William, and daughter, Ruth, returned Friday from a week's visit with Instanter and Johnsonburg friends, accompanied by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles Howe and daughter, May.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Backus of Olean, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Taylorson and Mr. and Mrs. Murry of St. Marys, Pa., were the guests of Hon. and Mrs. J. W. Bouton at Frog Camp over Sunday.

Mrs. Mary C. Earle of Indianapolis, Minn., is visiting Mrs. James A. McKean at her home on East Main street. Mrs. Earle formerly lived in this vicinity and is the mother of Robert Earle, the first editor of a newspaper in Kane.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Backus and daughter, Clarissa, and Mrs. Backus' father, F. J. Shattuck, departed this morning for Linesville, Pa., in the former's auto for a visit. Br. Backus expects to be gone about a week, while Mrs. Backus and daughter will visit at the home of her parents a short time longer.

Edward Lynch and Miss Anna Smith of Smethport came up yesterday and spent the day with their friends, John Eckhart, at the Commercial hotel. They all are originally from the Hoosier state and the two gentlemen, while personal friends, and working near each other a large part of the time have not met in the past five years, until yesterday.—Mt. Jewett News.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed bids or proposals will be received by the Commissioners of McKean County, Pennsylvania, at their office at Smethport, Pa., up to 10 o'clock a. m. on Saturday, June 10, 1911, for the erection and construction of the stone and concrete substructure and the steel superstructure for a bridge over a branch of the Kinzua Creek, in Hamilton Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, according to plans and specifications on file in the Commissioners' office, Smethport, Pa.

Each proposal or bid must be for the completion of the bridge, ready to travel over.

A certified check, drawn on some McKean County, Pa., financial institution for the sum of one thousand ($1,000.00) dollars, payable to the Commissioners of McKean County, Pa., without condition, must accompany each bid or proposal. Said certified check is required as a guarantee of good faith, and will be forfeited to McKean County, Pa., by any bidder who fails to enter into a contract and to furnish the proper bond, as required by law, upon being awarded the work.

Bids or proposals will be opened at 11 o'clock a. m. the 10th day of June, 1911.

The county commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids or proposals.

JOHN A. PETERSON,
ARTHUR M. MARSH,
JOHN P. DEVLIN,
County Commissioners of McKean County.

Attest:
A. B. WALKER,
Clerk.

Smethport, Pa., May 22, 1911-3t.

IT WAS FAR BEYOND OUR EXPECTATIONS—— OUR SALVAGE SALE.

If we were to tell you the number of people we waited upon, or the amount of goods we disposed of last Thursday, Friday and Saturday, you might say we were boasting. But we had fifty sales people to wait on the trade and then had to close our doors to keep the people out, so we could straighten up our stock. This speaks for itself. Every customer was so well pleased with their purchases that they told some one else. So instead of our business falling off after the first day, it kept increasing from day to day until it was impossible to take care of every one who desired to take advantage of our wonderful bargains. We are now better equipped to handle our customers, and we will be able to wait on you in the proper manner. We have put on sale a great many suits, overcoats and raincoats that are damaged, some with the linings burned, others that were wet, etc. These goods can be easily repaired so they will be just as good as new, and they will be sold at such low prices that we feel we are almost giving them away. People that work will find these goods just what they want for working clothes. Our store will be open evenings, to accommodate those that can't come during the day. I remain, very respectfully,

IKE SIMONS

Big Double Clothing House

52-54 Main Street

Bradford, Pa.

H. W. RUBIN

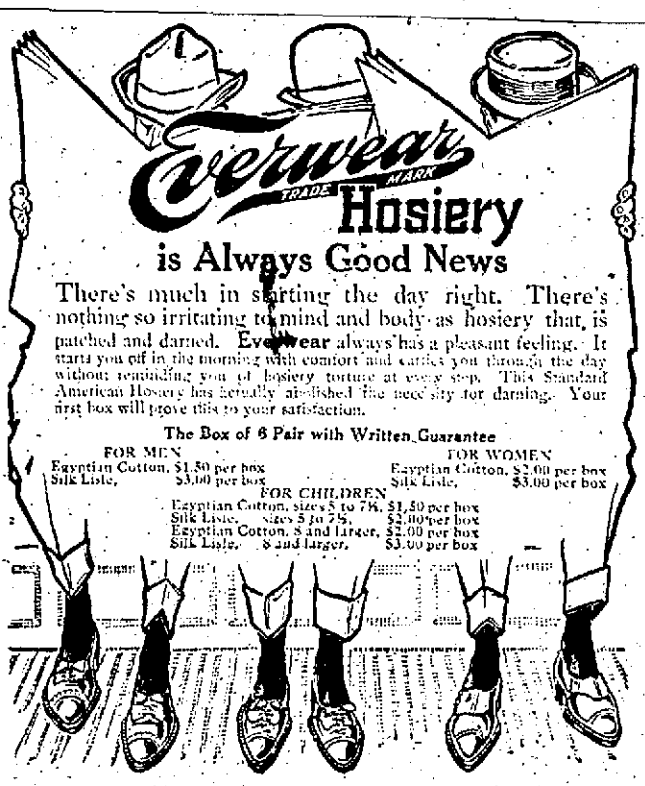
John B. Stetson Soft and Stiff Hats $3.50 to $5.00 at H. W. RUBIN'S

COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE



Hosiery is Always Good News

There's much in starting the day right. There's nothing so irritating to mind and body as hosiery that is patched and darned. Everwear always has a pleasant feeling. It starts you off in the morning with comfort and carries you through the day without reminding you of hosiery torture at every step. This Standard American Hosiery has actually abolished the necessity for darning. Your first box will prove this to your satisfaction.

The Box of 6 Pair with Written Guarantee

FOR MEN		FOR WOMEN	
Egyptian Cotton,	$1.50 per box	Egyptian Cotton,	$2.00 per box
Silk Lisle,	$3.00 per box	Silk Lisle,	$3.00 per box

FOR CHILDREN	
Egyptian Cotton, sizes 5 to 7½,	$1.50 per box
Silk Lisle, sizes 5 to 7½,	$2.00 per box
Egyptian Cotton, 8 and larger,	$2.00 per box
Silk Lisle, 8 and larger,	$3.00 per box

ANDERSON & CARLSON
"THE SHOE MEN"
Smethport, - - Penn'a.

Lubrication Without Carbon

The ideal oil for either air-cooled or water-cooled machines. Distilled from Pennsylvania Crude Oil. A thin, pale oil which feeds freely and will not congeal. Absolutely Free From Carbon.

If your dealer or garage has no Waverly Special, write us and we'll see that you are supplied.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS COMPANY, - PITTSBURG, PA.
INDEPENDENT REFINERS Makers of "Waverly" Gasolines

FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES

the best and purest liquors are an essential that cannot be dispensed with and when purchased for the sick room no risks should be taken by procuring those of which there can be any doubts whatever. If you require pure brandy, whisky, gin, or any wines that may be recommended, we can give you positive assurance that those sold by us are absolutely pure and safe.

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,
Wholesale Liquors,
Smethport, Pa.

Stocked Farm Near Olean at low Price

30 Acre Farm Stock and Tools For Only $1,750.

We offer for sale a productive farm of 30 acres, located 4 miles from Olean, N. Y., on Windfall road. 24 acres cultivated, balance pasture and second growth timber. Lays rolling, fine to work, living spring and well. On R. F. D., 1½ miles from school. 7-room house in good repair, barn 30x40, fair repair, tool shed, hen house, duck house, hog pen. Wire fences, orchard 90 trees, in bearing. For quick sale will include one horse, Jersey cow, calf, 75 hens, 3 guinea hens, 2 plows, dray, top buggy, spring wagon, cutter, incubator, 2 sets single harness, heavy harness. Everything for $1,750.—One-half cash, balance easy. Possession at once.

Herrick Agency
Olean, N. Y.
306 MASONIC TEMPLE.

AUTOMOBILE TIRE REPAIRING

in all its branches, done on short notice and at reasonable prices. (All work guaranteed)

Smethport Inner Tubes

are guaranteed to give satisfaction, SMETHPORT RELINERS will give you 1000 to 2000 more mileage from OLD CASINGS.

A Full Line of Sundries in Stock

——Write us for Prices——

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.,
SMETHPORT, PA

THE LINDHOLM CO., INC.

June Outpouring of our Entire Stock of Ladies' Tailored Suits and Costumes at about Half Price.

We will place on sale Friday and Saturday EVERY SUIT in the Store at the one price.

Suits worth.....$22.50 to $30.00
Your choice.....$15.00

Special Friday and Saturday only:
1 Lot Ladies' Shoes worth up to.....$3.50
While they last, choice for.....$2.59

If you want a Carpet, Rug or Lace Curtains, see us and save money.

Now something special for the men.

Friday and Saturday we will sell all 25c Rubber Collars for.....15c

Linen Collars, all styles and sizes. The 15c quality for.....10c

India Silk Underwear, sold all over the U. S. for $1.25 a garment
Friday and Saturday only.....98c

Mens' Madra and percale Dress shirts worth up to 75c Given for 42c.

Take your pick of any $1.00 or $1.25 dress shirt Friday and Saturday for 89c.

The Clorsonnetto Lnit Mash underwear cheap at 50c per garment, To Clear at 39c.

Just received 500 pictures Bought to sell at 25c Friday and Saturday take them at 10 cents each.

Store open every evening until 8:00, Saturday 10 p.m.

Don't Forget the place

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

A DEATH WARRANT

—FOR—

Potato Bugs, Curculio, or the Cotton, Tobacco, Cabbage, Currant or Apple Tree Worm
The Fly or Worm on Cucumber, Squash and Melon Vines
Or any other Insects that cross the path of

PIERCE'S BUG KILLER

FOR SALE BY

DALY & GARLICK

Hardware & Plumbing

Smethport = = = = Penna.

McKean County Miner

ntered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 8, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Eldred has organized a baseball am.

—The Lindholm Co. has a new adrtisement this week.

—The Fourth of July will be celeated in Eldred this year.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gal- n on Saturday, June 3, 1911, a girl.

—A new porch is being built on the r of the second story of Brasted's kery.

—Boys' fine suits at bargain prices offered by Monheimer. See his ertisement.

—John Gardner of this place has en- ed the Wellsville, N. Y., hospital treatment.

—There are many visitors in town week attending the June term of inal court.

—A handsome new sign has been ed on the front of the Hamlin k & Trust Co.

—James McGowan is having a new ent walk laid in front of his home East Main street.

—Miss. Leona Hogarth is acting as nist in the First. M. E. church of lford during the summer.

—Mrs. George Howe entertained at o'clock dinner Tuesday in honor rs. Charles Howe of Instanter.

—The Port Allegany Argus last t started on its eleventh year. extend congratulations to Brother r.

—Brownell's grocery store has plac- new delivery wagon in commis- It was purchased through E. nes.

—The pastor of the Methodist Epis church will preach a memorial on to the Odd Fellows at 7:30 p. ext Sunday.

—Coudersport is planning a big n of July celebration this year The order of Red Men of that place will have charge of the event.

—Postal banks are to be established at Ridgway and Johnsonburg at once. Rather as in line and will have one in the near future. Kane Republican.

—We have received an invitation to be present at the sixty-sixth annual commencement of Muskingum College, New Concord, Ohio, for which we extend thanks.

—Last Friday afternoon the Smethport High School baseball team went to Bradford and were defeated by the overwhelming score of 13 to 4, by the Bradford East Siders.

—J. J. Mundy of Coudersport, who for the past year and a half has been editor of the Ashtabula, (O.), Independent, has accepted a position on the editorial staff of the Erie, (Pa.), Dispatch.

—Postmaster J. C. Gallup has received notice that after July 1st, the postoffice at this place will be a second class office. This is not only welcome news to Mr. Gallup but to the people of Smethport generally.

—Farmers Valley Grange has secured Ida Jenness Moulton of Beverley, Mass., the celebrated impersonator and musical entertainer, to hold an entertainment in the U. B. church at Farmers Valley on June 14. Everybody cordially invited.

—Last Saturday night the borough council of Johnsonburg accepted bids for the paving of Center street, that borough, and the contract was awarded to Applegate & Co. The job will cost about $15,000. We congratulate Johnsonburg on this move.

—On the eighth page of this issue will be found an advertisement of George Howe of East Smethport, advertising his new patented lock nut. This is one of the most clever and satisfactory devices ever made in this line, and we predict a large sale.

—Last Thursday Mrs. S. E. Bell received a telegram from her husband in Oklahoma, stating that he had struck a 200-barrel well on his lease which is about 28 miles from Nowata. The well is in advance of operations and opens quite an extension. This will be good news to Sam's many friends here.

—A party of Smethport citizens including Orlo J. Hamlin, T. W. Camp, J. S. Walker, Henry DuChamp and R. E. Burdick drove over to Shinglehouse in the Walker auto Friday. These gentlemen are interested in the Empire Glass Co.'s glass factory in this borough. While here the party stopped at the Imperial hotel.—Oswayo Valley Mail.

—A meeting of the McKean County Pomona Grange was held at Crosby yesterday, and a very instructive and entertaining time was had by the 75 members in attendance. The program published in The Miner last week was duly carried out. The members of the Pomona Grange who attended speak highly of the manner in which the Crosby Grange entertained its visitors.

—Every workingman is advised by Anderson & Carlson this week.

—It has been reported in several of our exchanges that a new law in this State does away with the condemned murderers by the sheriff of the county in which they are convicted. Such is not the case, the law providing for executions in the penitentiaries having been killed instead of being passed.

—The Potato Creek Sod Busters as they style themselves, went to Clermont last Sunday and played two games of baseball at that place. The first game resulted in a victory for Clermont by a score of 6 to 1, and the second game was won by the Potato creek boys by a score of 9 to 5. Larry Scanlon pitched the second game for the Sod Busters and in the second inning he only pitched three balls to retire the side.

—The Lindholm Co. has secured a new manager in the person of J. W. Stanley. Mr. Stanley was formerly connected with Adams, Meldrum & Co. of Buffalo, and has had over 30 years' experience in the dry goods business and is a man of pleasing appearance. Mr. Stanley expects his wife to join him here this week. We congratulate The Lindholm Co. on securing a man of Mr. Stanley's experience and appearance.

—Three tramps slipped into a Johnsonburg meat market on Thursday night and were caught in the act of rifling the cash register by the proprietor who was in the back room. He stepped into the store and the tramps told him that "they just wanted to see how it worked." There was $300 in the register but they got none of it. The police ordered them to leave town after they were given a hearing, but could not be held owing to lack of evidence.

—The Eldred Eagle, whose editor knows something about bands, says: The I. O. O. F. band at Smethport has split up into two separate organizations, one to be known as the Citizens' band. It is better to bury animosity in such organizations than to have to plant one or the other band, in the near future, if the teachings of similar splits elsewhere are any criterion. Pull together, and with lots of pull, is the only way a country town can maintain a band.

—Tuesday noon two men who had been imbibing in that which exhilarates had a battle royal on Water street, opposite the Cottage House. Clubs were the weapons chosen and an exciting time was in progress when Officers Foth and McCarthy appeared on the scene. They too had clubs which were used with telling effect and the two gladiators were landed in the borough bastile. They were given a hearing before Justice Gleason, in the absence of Acting-Burgess Backus, and sentenced to 48 hours in durance vile.

—A new State law prohibiting the use of cannon fire crackers in celebrating the Ever Glorious Fourth of July, and other events is in force and it will probably save the lives of many people who are naturally over zealous in celebrating events of this kind, as well as prevent many children from becoming cripples for life. This is a good law and should be rigorously enforced. We do not wish to discourage the proper observance of Independence Day, but it is too much of a relic of the dark ages to offer the lives and limbs of our children as a sacrifice to this day in the numbers they have been taken in the past.

—Frank Warner died suddenly last Saturday night at the home of Mrs. Marie Field in Bradford. Warner came to Mrs. Field's door shortly after 11 o'clock and asked permission to sit down as he was feeling ill. Mrs. Field and a friend, Mrs. Bellamy, who was visiting her at the time, invited Warner into the house. He dropped into a chair. In a few moments his condition appeared to grow worse and he was placed upon a bed. Warner asked Mrs. Field to summon Dr. Straight which was done, but when the physician reached the house he was dead. The deceased is survived by three grown up sons and two daughters, who are married.

—A true bill charging John A. Andrews with the murder of Emil Amann, was returned by the grand jury at Warren shortly after 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. Andrew's attorney, Mr. Aird, then renewed his motion to have the case put over until the September term of court, for the reason that Attorney Scarlett was ill and unable to be present. In reply the district attorney read telegrams from detectives who had been investigating Mr. Scarlett's alleged illness. The substance of these telegrams was that Mr. Scarlett was not as ill as was claimed. Judge Hinckley said the trial would proceed Wednesday morning.

The Port Allegany Reporter says: Detective Billy Jones was over from Smethport, Thursday, subpoenaing witnesses in a local case soon to be tried at the county seat. He also took occasion to look up the license of the Haag show, the real authority for doing business in this state and found it didn't have any. In such a case the county license is $30.75, which Mr. Jones finally secured though not without considerable trouble. The Haag's statement was in effect that he wasn't used to doing business that way; that a few parsons usually do the license all right, but for a circus he had compromised on a $50 dollar bill and this he was ready and willing to do. But Billy Jones didn't want passes nor V's, but wanted $30.75, which was paid. It is wonderful if the show came up through Pennsylvania and was obliged to pay its first license just as it was going over the line. How did it get through the honest, Democratic county of Elk?

For Sale.

Two rues and two stores. For particulars inquire of

J. W. LEE.

Special

The Demand for young men exceeds the supply. Excellent positions for all who qualify and who are worthy. 3500 references. Business, shorthand, typewriting and English courses. Thirtieth school year will open Sept. 5. Send for free catalogue.

WESTBROOK ACADEMY, Olean, N.Y.

BUY THIS WEEK

if you want a

BARGAIN

IN BOY'S SUITS

While in New York recenty we secured an *immense bargain* in Boy's Suits ages 3 to 18 which we offer this week at a reduction of, from $1 to $2.50 a suit. In this selection you will find Blue Serges, Worsteds Fancy Woolens, &c, &c. Better or finer Suits than these were never sold.

MONHEIMER'S

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE

Ladies Home Journal Patterns — Cluett Shirts

CLEARANCE SALE of "WOOLTEX" SUITS and SKIRTS

A SAVING OF 1-4 OFF REGULAR PRICES.

Our complete stock of Ladies' "WOOLTEX" Suits, Coats and Skirts goes on sale this week at a reduction of one fourth from the regular prices.

This includes all the last spring styles in voiles, panamas, serges and novelty weaves in black and prevailing colors.

There's a good assortment of sizes and a variety of models for the early comers—A finely tailored garment of the "WOOLTEX" reputation at a price scarcely more than the bare cost of materials is a bargain you should not let go by, so be on hand Friday morning for the first pick.

Regular prices range from $5.50 to $37.50.

During the sale you may have your choice at from $4.13 to $28.13

FRY & COMES

Smethport - - - - - - Penna.

PHONE 7 — **BROWNELL'S** — PHONE 7

COAST Cities so appreciate sea foods because they are served under natures own conditions fresh from the water, sweet, firm, delicate and with that indescribable "Oceany" flavor clinging to every fleck.

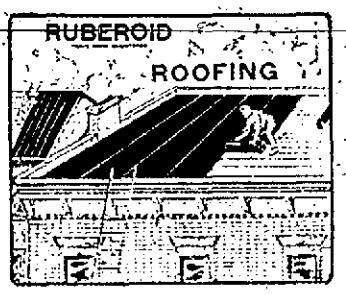
OUR BRANDS

religiously duplicate those shore conditions and send to the inland home the sweetest flesh of Codfish, Lobster, Shrimp, Salmon, and other fish exquisitely prepared.

F. W. BROWNELL

You get Better Values Here

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF RUBEROID ROOFING by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire Civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

WE ARE SELLING AGENTS FOR THE E-M-F 30, FLANDERS 20, SELDEN and PEERLESS.

The production of such a wonderful car as the E-M-F 30, at such a small price is nothing short of a mechanical miracle, made of the very best material, mechanically correct, 108 inch wheel base, selective sliding, change speed and full 30 H. P. engine. All models with standard equipment $1,000.00, silk finished mohair top and folding windshield $80.00 extra.

The FLANDERS 20 is a little baby of a car and will go anywhere any big car can go. Price $700.00. A full year's unconditional guarantee given with both of the above cars.

If you want a large medium price car of well known quality and service buy the Famous SELDON. Prices $2250.00 to $2600.00 with standard equipment.

If you want the VERY BEST CAR ever made, anywhere, by anybody in the whole world, then buy the BEAUTIFUL BIG SIX CYLINDER PEERLESS. Price $6,000.00, complete equipment.

Our garage is managed by a journeyman machinist, who learned his trade in a big automobile factory and he is one of the very best men in his line. We make a specialty of overhauling big, high-priced cars and absolutely guarantee our work to give entire satisfaction.

In our Rubber Works Dept. we do all kinds of Tire Repairing, manufacture inner tubes, tire reliners, patches, &c., and our prices are right. We also carry a good line of accessories, Prest-O-Lite tanks, etc.

For full information, catalogues, etc., call or address

BACKUS NOVELTY COMPANY,

Smethport, - - - - - Penn'a.

THE DUAL MR. STERLING

Story of the Uncovering of Two Clever Rogues

By Howard Fielding

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I was eating a bit of luncheon in the garden of the inn when I was accosted by a man whom I learned Hayward to be the landlord of the inn and in the village of Tarrytown on the Hudson which I had left that morning on the other start

As a doctor and a criminologist professor he said

Amateur not professor said I "Would you be interested in a queer case

Naturally I did I told him what it was and how I knew that his nephew who had recently come to live with him was an example of what is known as a dual personality

Sort of Dr Jekyll and Hyde? said I

Yes said he I never read that book It is the truth is in this case one of 'em is very different from the other—sort of foolish and [illegible] so far as I can see there's no change in his looks or voice that you would notice but by [illegible] eyes Then there's a mole on the left cheek of the man in the office which is not present on the other man's face

Which is the good one? said I, and he asked me to come with him to his shop where the young man was at work

What I saw there gave me good reason to think that he had not only one personality but two and perhaps more

I have no doubt

His Jeweled Snuffbox

It Came Near Breaking His Engagement

By SARAH G. BROWNE

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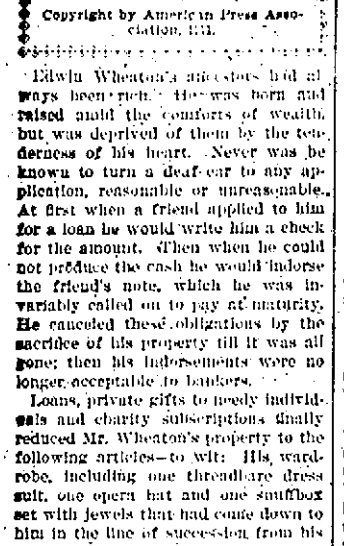
Edwin Wheaton's ancestors had always been rich. He was born and raised amid the comforts of wealth but was deprived of them by the tenderness of his heart. Never was he known to turn a deaf ear to any application, reasonable or unreasonable. At first when a friend applied to him for a loan he would write him a check for the amount. Then when he could not produce the cash he would indorse the friend's note, which he was invariably called on to pay at maturity. He canceled these obligations by the sacrifice of his property till it was all gone; then his indorsements were no longer acceptable to bankers.

Loans, private gifts to needy individuals and charity subscriptions finally reduced Mr. Wheaton's property to the following articles—to wit: His wardrobe, including one threadbare dress suit, one opera hat and one snuffbox set with jewels that had come down to him in the line of succession from his grandfather. These were his assets. His liabilities were sundry small bills due to tradesmen, most of which were considered uncollectible and many of which the creditors would never press on account of the orders they had filled to their debtor when he was rich and on which they had reaped large profits.

Mr. Wheaton's dress suit and opera hat were the only articles necessary to his maintaining the position in society to which he had been born. The lovable traits there were in him reenforced by an especially pleasant smile, did the rest. He was loved by many young ladies, but all except one felt that their fortunes or expectations, however great, needed strengthening rather than weakening by marriage. Miss Florence Twiss possessed a fortune in his own right and felt that she would rather add to it Mr. Edwin Wheaton with his dress suit, opera hat and jeweled snuffbox than another man with stocks and bonds and houses and lands.



"BEING IT TO ME," SHE CONCLUDED.

I will not positively assert that Mr. Wheaton would have chosen Miss Twiss in preference to the other young ladies who were in love with him, for his heart was plenty large enough to take them all in. Their loves evaporated in tears and sighs. That of Miss Twiss materialized. She gave him every encouragement. He returned her love, differing from the loves he bore the others in this—that his love for Miss Twiss was not snuffed out as in the other cases by her announcing her engagement to some one else.

Mr. Wheaton was emboldened to propose to Miss Twiss. She knew very well his circumstances; but, yielding to a natural desire in girls to bother their lovers, she asked him as to his property.

"It's largely in notes," he replied.

"What kind of notes?"

"Loans such as those in which banks invest their funds."

"With good security, I suppose?"

"First rate security."

"Bonds or real estate?"

"Neither. They all bear the name of an indorser."

"Mention some of them."

"Oh, that wouldn't be honorable, you now. They wouldn't like to have it known that they are in the money market for funds."

"I understand. I wouldn't have you give your friends away for the world, although they have made permanent gaps of you. I trust you have held on to that jeweled snuffbox you set so much store by."

"I certainly have," he exclaimed, with great pride in having preserved the thing.

"Well," said Miss Twiss, "I'll give you an answer later. When a girl thinks of marrying a man with a heart so big that property is reduced to one jeweled snuffbox, snuff taking being out of fashion, she needs to think it over."

"Then I may hope?"

"Yes, you may hope."

"And I may have a kiss, may't I?"

"One little bit of a one."

Wheaton took the kiss, and in this respect it seemed that he was as good at borrowing as he was at lending, for he drew on the permission till the account was frightfully overdrawn.

Now, it happened that Mr. Wheaton was sadly in need of shoes. Like most people who do not know when, how and why they are most attractive, he deemed it essential to the success of his suit with Miss Twiss that he should keep up appearances. He did not realize that his necessities were his chief assets with the girl who loved him. He went to a fashionable bootmaker in the hope of being permitted to enlarge his already sizable account by an order for another pair of boots. While he was endeavoring to soften the man's heart he was horror stricken at seeing the object of his love enter the shop.

Wheaton, seeing no way of retreat, advanced toward Miss Twiss and greeted her as heartily as if he were really delighted to see her. She had come in to order footwear and was surprised to learn that Mr. Wheaton had his boots made by her shoemaker. He turned the topic of conversation to other matters and as soon as possible got away from Miss Twiss and the shoemaker.

The latter conceived the idea of turning this chance meeting in his shop to account. He saw in it a way to collect his unpaid bill against Wheaton. Knowing the young man's idiosyncracies well, he sent a woman to him to solicit charity, directing her to say that Miss Twiss sent her. Wheaton considered that all between him and his love was at stake. It would never do for him to refuse to give to a solicitor who had been sent to him by the lady he hoped to marry. Asking the lady to wait, he took his snuffbox around the corner to a pawnshop, borrowed $25 on it and gave the money to the solicitor.

Miss Twiss had noticed Mr. Wheaton's embarrassment when she had met him at the shoemaker's and divined the cause. She thought the matter over and sent a messenger to the shop, directing him to pay Mr. Wheaton's bill and take a receipt. The shoemaker, supposing the messenger to come from Wheaton, receipted his bill, which amounted to $20, and returned $5, with a note confessing the stratagem by which he had collected the account.

Of course the note and the surplus amount went to Miss Twiss. She was very much surprised and at the same time amused. She inferred that the last article possessed by her lover, the snuffbox, had gone to pawnbrokers. She telephoned Mr. Wheaton that she would like him to call.

"Ned," she said when he came, "I have had a long struggle with myself about accepting you. You have been so improvident, or, rather, so tender hearted, that everything you had has gone except your jeweled snuffbox. My heart, I am sorry to say, has triumphed over my better judgment. I will marry you, but I am determined that the one thing you possess shall not be bestowed on some leech or for charity or find its way to the pawnshop. Bring it to me," she concluded.

"Not tonight?" exclaimed Ned, both delighted and in mortal dread.

"Yes, tonight. You have not far to go."

"But, you know, it is an heirloom. I must have time to consider the propriety of parting with it. It has been bequeathed to the eldest son of the eldest son, to go down in that line forever. Have I a right to give it to any one?"

"That's the reason I wish it. I desire to make sure that it goes to your eldest son."

"But"—

"No more 'buts,' please, but the snuffbox. If you refuse me I shall consider that you don't trust me; that you love the box better than you love me."

"You know that I love you."

"Then prove it. Go and get the box."

"But, sweetheart—darling—I can't get it before morning. Sensible of my disposition to let things slip through my fingers, I put it in a safe place."

The girl smiled.

"It is in a safe," he added.

"Who's safe?"

"One who has a deep interest in me."

"An interest of $25. Come, Ned, I know where your snuffbox is. You pawned it to get the money you gave the woman I sent you to get a subscription for the orphans' home."

Ned bowed his head.

"Why did you yield to her?"

"Consider the poor fatherless and motherless children."

"You are very weak."

"I know it. How I ever interested a girl so superior to myself I can't conceive."

"If I marry you I fear you'll give away everything I possess."

"I don't see how I can do that since you possess it."

"Well, I'm in a very despondent state of mind today about your pawning the snuffbox. Come and see me tomorrow."

Ned borrowed a dozen or more kisses and left her much relieved that the affair had not induced her to break with him forever. He went from her to the shoemaker who had jeopardized him and so represented the enormity of his offense that the repentant man gave him credit for another pair of shoes.

Mr. and Mrs. Wheaton are married and seem to get on very well. He spoke truly when he said he would not be able to give away what he didn't possess.

A Courtship

That Came In Like a Lamb and Went Out Like a Lion

By EMMA THURSTON

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In my girlhood there were very few fields open to women, and we were not ambitious to occupy those we were at liberty to enter. A woman would at that time rather rely on a man for her living than on her own exertions. I am one of those who believe that women are fitted for the home and are not fitted for making their own living. When Wilbur Ernst came courting me I persuaded myself that I loved him, possibly because it was to my interest to love him. He was a strong character. At any rate, he had a strong will, and I suppose the former cannot exist without the latter.

It seemed to me that he was just the kind of husband for a weak woman like myself. I would be content to let him bear the battle of the world for us both, and that was just what he liked. I could see by the way he talked that he had very little respect for women's opinions in business matters, and he would not be likely to consult me about his affairs. But I realized that I could not help him in this respect, and I had no desire to do so. My department would be the home, where I would have all the responsibility.

I REPEATED THE WORD "GO."

It would seem from what I have said that Wilbur and I would be especially fitted for each other. But to make assurance doubly sure there is always between couples the engagement period. Yet, I am free to say, sometimes, like the month of March reversed, it comes in like a lamb and goes out like a lion. I refer to cases where couples quarrel and break with each other before marriage.

Wilbur said that, of course, after a betrothal with him I must drop any of my old flames. I had but one—Edward Tucker—and he didn't count, because I considered him too much like myself. At any rate, he was very lazy. I thought my fiance might have left it to me to drop my old flames without requiring me to do so. However, in Wilbur I had what I thought I should have—a man to manage me—and I intended to tell Edward the next time he came to see me that he needn't call again.

But somehow I couldn't. It was I who should have liked to mate with Edward if he hadn't been so easy going. He hadn't been making love to me—at least not for some time—and it would seem out of place for me to dismiss a man who was not a suitor. Besides, we had long been friends. So when he called again I utterly failed to say anything about his keeping away from me.

I made a clean breast of the matter to Wilbur and saw the corners of his mouth come down and his chin stick out like the map of Spain. It was evident that here was a case for his strong will to bolster up my weak one. He made a remark with just a little bit of an edge on it, but I was surprised that instead of being strengthened I was nettled. He admitted that the matter required of me was embarrassing, but essential. Doubtless I would screw my courage up to the sticking point in time. I didn't say anything in reply, but doubted that I could screw up my courage.

There was just a little March breeze about this, but thus far there had been so much April softness that I didn't think the season could go backward and our courtship go out with a blast.

About this time June came on, the month of roses and marriages, though Wilbur and I were not to be married till the following autumn. He had agreed to spend a couple of weeks—his vacation—with me during the summer either in the mountains or at the seashore or any place I might select. This pleased me very much, and I told him I would think over the places at which I should like to spend this happy period and let him know before it should be time to go. But unfortunately among my other weaknesses is indecision, and for my life I couldn't make up my mind whether I preferred the mountains or the seashore. I knew a place in the former that was perfectly lovely, but the hotel was bad. Then I knew a place at the seashore where the hotel at which I should wish to stop was excellent, but a woman went there every summer whom I detested, and I couldn't bear the idea of being shut up with her under the same roof.

The 1st of July came round, and I had decided nothing. Wilbur asked me one day what I had done, and I said I had been unable to settle on anything. I asked him to decide the matter.

"I know nothing about summer hotels," he replied. "I've never had occasion to use one of them. You must settle on the place."

He had arranged for his outing for two weeks from the 15th of July. Just before the time to go he was very busy getting ready to be absent from business, and I didn't see him for a week. Then he came around on the evening of the 14th of July and asked where we were going. I told him I didn't know.

There was a fine March wind between us. I told him that I had engaged myself to a strong character that I might have some one to rely on in such matters, and he asked me what matters I intended to take under my own care. This made me very angry. I told him that I could make up my mind quick enough if I wished to, and I settled on the place in a twinkling. He asked me to name it, and I told him I would drop him a line. The next morning at 6 I took a train for the mountains. A few days after I reached my destination I wrote him where I was and that I should be happy to see him. He wrote that he had decided to give up his vacation since he was very busy and really should not take the time.

This came pretty near making a permanent break between us. I was miffed at having been called upon to take the initiative. But our betrothal survived it, and when I returned to the city all was made up between us.

It looked as if we should have April weather after this, but one evening another wind came up a good deal fresher than anything we had yet experienced and ended in a tornado. A certain performance at the theater was to be given that I wished very much to see. I bought two seats and telephoned Wilbur that I wished him to go with me to the play. He replied that he had a business engagement for the evening and couldn't go. I asked him what I should do, and he replied—through the telephone, mind you, so that the whole world could hear—that he was too busy to advise me and that if I intended to rely on him through life for little things like that he would carry a load.

That provoked me. Before I had time to get over my huff I had telephoned to Ed Tucker and asked him to be my attendant. He said he should be delighted. I had no sooner received his answer than I was called up by Wilbur to say that he had succeeded in putting off his business engagement and would be with me for the theater.

How could I be expected to know what to say to him at once and over a telephone? I didn't say anything but "Well" or "All right" or something like that, and he, being in a hurry, shut me off.

I couldn't make up my mind what to do in the matter, being rather weak about such things, and half an hour before it was time to go to the play Ed drove up in a carriage and, carrying a bouquet of beautiful flowers, ran up the steps. I met him at the door and took him into the drawing room. I was about to explain the position to him when along came Wilbur. When he saw Ed his face looked like a thundercloud. He said nothing to Ed, but he said a good deal to me. As soon as he paused I tried to explain to him that I was engaged to go to the theater with both of them. At that moment he caught sight of the flowers lying on the table.

He looked from them to Ed, a frightful light shining in his eyes; then from Ed to me. He was the maddest man I ever saw, and yet I was not at fault at all. I hadn't even had a chance to accept or decline the gift.

You should have heard his talk. He told me that he had feared I was a very weak woman and he had found me not even the consistency of mush. I stood it as long as I could, getting madder every minute. Suddenly I pointed to the door and, with flaming eyes and cheeks, said:

"Go!"

He subsided and started in to say something pleasant, but I repeated the word "Go!" and said it again and again till my voice was like a trumpet sounding a charge. I became so infuriated that he feared I would throw something at him and went out, saying he should call again when I had cooled.

"By Jove!" cried Ed. "I've long been looking for a woman to brace up my easy going nature. I've found her at last. Will you marry me?"

"Yes, I will."

And I did.

And so it was that my engagement with Wilbur Ernst came in like a lamb and went out like a lion. My husband, who has turned out to be a man who will fight for his own way in everything, says I am the most obstinate woman he ever knew. But one thing, to my surprise, he admits—he declares that no woman can make up her mind quicker when she wishes to than I, and he only regrets that I won't give him time to come to his own decisions before I spring mine upon him.

A HUNGRY PYTHON.

The First Course of His Meal Got Him Into Serious Trouble.

In my travels I visited the jail at Thayet-Myo, in Burma. On the morning of my visit there had undoubtedly been an unusual occurrence. A python twenty-two feet long and twenty-eight inches in girth had entered the vegetable garden and crossed it to the fowl pen. Besides the fowls, there were some five ducks in the pen. Now, the front of the pen was fenced with diamond mesh galvanized wire netting of a strong type.

The snake could not resist a fat duck, so, putting its head and neck through the stout diamond frame, it seized and swallowed one. I have no doubt whatever that it would have "mopped up the bunch" inside the house, but that in adjusting No. 1 to make room for No. 2 it became aware of an uneasy feeling owing to the wire around its waist. Neither have I any doubt that in addition to becoming uneasy it became seriously alarmed.

Being now unable either to disgorge or to get away, it tore off the whole section of netting, 6 feet by 8, and returned with the necklace or waistband through the cabbages. Not unnaturally, I think, the sentry, seeing a 6 by 8 foot wire section of fencing marching through the cabbage patch without any visible means of support, gave the alarm and then opened fire.

The prison guard rushed out and also opened fire, and very shortly our hero lay dead in his frame. He was skinned and his skin cured and dressed in the jail, where they are noted for this kind of work.—Forest and Stream.

A COMPETENT WITNESS.

The Mule's Testimony Was Taken and Accepted by the Judge.

The originator of a widely known probation system, Judge William J. Pollard of a St. Louis police court, is the subject of a Boston Herald story which illustrates his unique way of dealing out justice to minor offenders. A driver had been brought before Judge Pollard, charged with cruelty to animals. He had been driving a galled mule, but he had an expert witness in a veterinarian who testified that the sore on the mule's back did not pain the animal in the least.

The judge listened attentively to the long technical opinions and then demanded to know the mule's whereabouts. He was informed that it was harnessed to a wagon which stood in the street in front of the courthouse. The judge then ordered that court to be adjourned for five minutes.

He took his cane and proceeded to the street, went up to the mule and with the end of his cane gently touched the sore spot on the animal's back. The mule promptly tried to kick the dashboard off the wagon. Once again the judge touched the sore spot with his cane, and the mule responded as before.

Judge Pollard returned to the court. The prisoner was called before him.

"With all due respect to the expert testimony you have had introduced in your behalf to show that the mule's back does not pain him, I will give you sixty days," commented the judge. "I asked the mule if the sore hurt him, and he said it did."

Punctuality in London.

There is plenty of rush and hurry in business in London, just as in America, but the English ways seem to be much more systematic and dignified. The man of business is always attired with care—plain necktie, elastic gloves, frock coat, spats for business promenade in England must be met with due compliance to English ideas of propriety.

Appointments must be made by written notes—not typewritten, mind—and when the appointment is made it is to be kept to the dot. I kept nine appointments in one day and found every man ready and waiting. When you think that old London is slow just wake up. They don't make much fuss about things, but they just plan and do what they set out to do.—Joe Mitchell Chapple in National Magazine.

The Egg and the Shell.

Eggshells are made chiefly of carbonate of lime, and the yolk is half water, half oil and albumen, while the white of an egg, as it is called, consists of water chiefly with albumen and a little phosphorus and sulphur. The yolk always floats at the top of the white, so to be as near as possible to the hen when she sits upon it to hatch it, while two cords attached to the yolk, one at each end, prevent it from actually touching the shell.

Ignorance.

A Scottish minister was asked to pray for rain. He did so, and the rain came down in floods and destroyed the crops. Irritated at the result, one disgusted elder confided to another that "this comes o' intristin' sic a request to a meenister wha isna nequent wi' agriculture."

Why They Are Cleaner.

"Women's minds are much cleaner than men's," said a woman to her husband.

"They ought to be," replied her husband. "They change them so much oftener."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Spiteful.

"I wonder why Mabel looks in the glass so often."

"Maybe she has a grudge against herself."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Manners must adorn knowledge and smooth its way through the world.—Chesterfield.

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This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

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125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, refurnished and refurbished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its appointments. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

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We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of
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COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES HELD THIS WEEK.

(Continued from Page 1.)

Growler, Jennie Kohn
Artist, Laura Glavin
Will, Alberta Corry
Trombone Soloist, Elmer Quirk
Junior Advisor, Myra Sherburne
Junior Response, Edwin Kohn
Poet, William Colegrove
Donor, Ola Badger
Reader, Theo Freeman
Prophet, Marie Purtle
Valedictorian, (1st honor), Edna Anderson.

Special Announcement.

By a unanimous vote the graduating class has voted that no flowers may be presented to any one on the platform on Thursday. Flowers may be sent to the rear of the stage for delivery after the performance. Our friends realize the reason for this action and they will confer a favor if they will help.

Program for Graduating Exercises.
Thursday Evening.

"Waltz from Faust" ..... Gounod
High School Chorus
Prayer ..... Rev. J. W. McGavern
"Rest" ..... Rubenstein
Double Quartette
Address ..... Dr. S. E. Weber
Dean of Summer School, State College, Pa.
"Merry June" ..... Vincent
Girls' Glee Club
"Damascus Triumphal March" Costa
High School Chorus
Presentation of Diplomas, D. C. Young
President of Board of Education
"Estudantina" ..... Lacome
Double Quartette
Benediction ... Rev. J. W. McGavern

Valedictory Address.
Edna Anderson
1st Honor
Self-Respect.

Should a number of educated and successful people be asked what elements they consider necessary to success, several different answers would, in all probability, be given. An aim in life, perseverance, courtesy would occupy important places; but upon careful thought, there would be found one main element upon which all others would be merely dependent.

Self-respect is this element; for a man who honors himself will be courteous, persevering, successful.

The first step to failure is the first doubt of one's self. A child should be taught that he has the ability to succeed and that he is born to develop the divine gifts bestowed upon him.

If we would succeed, we must expect success. By constant distrust of ourselves, and expressions of doubt, we not only lose all confidence in our ability to succeed, but we also cause others to lose faith in us.

Believe firmly that, if you do not find a way, you can make one and that you can triumph. "Why, sir," said John C. Calhoun, in Yale College, when a fellow-student ridiculed his intense application to study, "I am forced to make the most of my time in order that I may acquit myself creditably in Congress." In answer to the laugh that greeted this speech he exclaimed, "Do you doubt it? I assure you if I were not convinced of my ability to reach the National capital within the next three years, I would leave college this very day." We know what, in later years, was his success.

Whatsoever disagreeable exertion is often but a strong expression of confidence, in ability to attain. Such men as Wordsworth, Dante, Kepler, and Julius Cæsar did not hesitate to express the confidence which they felt in their power to do great things.

But before a man can have respect for himself or confidence in himself he must learn to stand upright on his own feet and rely on his own talents. Once assured that he can succeed, he will be independent of criticism. The list is long of those who have, amid unbelief, fears, discouragement, depended solely upon their belief in themselves when no one else would give them credit. It includes such well-known men as Samuel F. B. Morse, Cyrus W. Field and Robert Fulton, and dates back to Columbus and beyond him to many an ancient name that has not yet lost its glory.

On the other hand, we are all familiar with the man who is constantly complaining of his bad luck. He does not respect himself and has no ambition to make a success of life. Until he gains confidence in himself he can never win the respect and trust of others.

The contrast between a successful man and one who has failed is so marked that all observe it. The farmer has assurance in his very bearing; he walks as if he were master of himself; as if he believed in his ability to do things, to bring about results. His self-confident air is an index to his success. The latter lacks decision in his very action, his uncertain gait indicates his lack of will; his dress his bearing, everything points toward incompetence. His shiftlessness is pictured in every movement of his body. We stamp our own value upon ourselves and cannot expect to pass for more.

No matter how many talents a man may possess,—if he be lacking in self-respect, he can never use them to the best advantage.

Hand-in-hand with self-respect goes the art of learning to depend on one's self. Judging from the various lectures received by Smethport High School students concurring this subject, the teachers fully recognize its value.

Depend on yourself and others will trust you. Believe in yourself and others will believe in you. Respect yourself and others will respect you. This done, success will surely attend your efforts.

And now

"The golden glow of a summer's day
Rests over the verdant hills,
And the sunlight falls with mellow ray
On fields and laughing rills.
But ere its last beams fade away
Beyond the mountain high,
Our lips must bravely, sadly say
The parting words, 'Good-bye.'

"Parents, friends and teachers,
Our gratitude is yours,
For all your care and sympathy
Which changelessly endures.
We'll try to use the present hours
So they will bring no sigh,
When, to our happy days of school
We say our last 'Good-bye.'

"'Good-bye.' It shall not be farewell—
We hope again to meet.
But happy hours are ever short
And days of youth are fleet.
There's much to learn and much to do,
Oh, may our aims be high,
And ever lead to that bright land
Where none shall say 'Good-bye!'"

E. ANDERSON.

June 7th, 1911.

***

CUT WORM REMEDIES.

Timely Discussion of an Important Topic.

An editor of one of the large Pennsylvania daily newspapers wrote to Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, Harrisburg, that one of his readers had asked what to do "to prevent worms from cutting tomato plants as fast as planted."

As cut worms are unusually abundant and destructive this spring, the reply of Prof. Surface may help many persons with needed information:

"Your inquiref does not state what kind of worms are 'cutting his tomato plants,' nor does he describe in detail how the work is done. As it is possible for this injury to come from any one of several kinds of pests, I can not be safe in guessing which one is causing the trouble. The remedies vary with the nature of the pest. However, I presume it is done by the cutworm, which cuts off the plants at night near the surface of the ground.

"While this is one of the most seriously destructive pests throughout the state, destroying nearly all kinds of garden and field plants, yet it is one that is easily controlled if the gardener but knows how. The best remedy for the cutworm is known as the poison bran mash. This is made by mixing one part of paris green with forty of fifty parts of dry bran. After it is thoroughly mixed pour over it some water to which has been added a little strong molasses. Use enough of this sweetened water to dampen it slightly.

"In the evening put a small pinch of this, such as one-fourth teaspoonful or less, at the base of each plant, or drop it, about two or three feet apart in the row where the plants are set, or where they are to be planted. It can also be used in the same way in corn rows in fields to destroy the cutworms there.

"I know a good Lancaster county farmer who last year cleaned up the cutworms in his entire corn field by mixing the dry poison bran and sowing it by hand broadcast over the surface of the ground, after the corn was planted. He replied to me that he had a good crop of corn without damage by the cutworms, while his neighbors had to replant.

"If one is afraid of foxes taking the poison bran, it can be applied by putting it under boards, or by dropping it on the soil near the plants, and putting a little loose damp earth over it."

Insurance Agents.

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For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

Millinery for Spring.

My Millinery display for Spring is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' headgear, call on

Mar.23-tf CARRIE CLARK.

For Sale or Rent.

My house on South street, this borough. Inquire of

May18-tf E. M. CHEESEMAN.

Work of the Locomotive Fireman.

To a husky young man shoveling twenty tons of coal a day may not sound like a terrible undertaking, but that is because he fails to appreciate the difference between shoveling that quantity in the course of a ten hour day, standing on a steady footing and pausing for a moment whenever he feels like it to gaze at the scenery or light a cigarette and trying to keep his balance on a jolting, jerking, plunging steel deck which tries ceaselessly to pitch him head first into the side of the cab, while with legs spread wide apart he humps over a scoop shovel, working with frantic energy to get coal into the firebox fast enough to keep steam up. While the engine is running the fireman must be strabbled out on the deck, working continually to the limit of his strength, for ordinarily he will have to get from two and a half to three tons of coal into the firebox every hour. Three and a half tons is generally regarded as the limit of a fireman's capacity, but this has been greatly exceeded on the fastest trains.—Technical World Magazine.

The Music of Birds.

Birds are usually accounted the most musical of animals, yet it is very much of a task to set their notes to music. The reason is that birds are utterly negligent of the laws of harmony. There is not one of them, it is safe to say, that knows the difference between a major third and a dominant chord. This deficiency in musical knowledge is rather surprising when we consider how beautifully the birds sing and may be used as an argument to show that a theoretical knowledge is a humbuz. But if birds knew more about harmony their songs could all be set down and quite a decent revenue derived from the sale thereof. Another reason why it is difficult to put the melody of the song birds into notes is that the quality of the tone is unlike any musical instrument. This is true of all birds except the thrush, whose song descends for the first three notes in perfect seconds and with much purity of tone.—From Old Scrap Book.

Tickling a Hippo.

"Come here and I'll scratch your tongue, Caliph," a visitor to the Central park menagerie heard the keeper say to the young hippopotamus.

The visitor hadn't expected that the hippo understood English, but apparently he did. He came up to the edge of the tank, opened his jaws a yard or so and waited. The keeper put his hand into the open mouth and titillated the animal's tongue with the ends of his fingers.

"That's the way to make a hippo love you," said the keeper. "They like to be tickled, just as a cat likes to have you stroke its back. Caliph wouldn't close his mouth on my arm, and I know I am taking no risk. They are the most amiable big beasts in the world, and I would trust them more than I would an elephant."—New York Sun.

Force of Light.

Light has an actual mechanical pressure and can be measured in the laboratory. It has been found that the sun's light in itself presses against the earth with a force something like 70,000 tons. As the surface of a sphere varies as the square of the radius, and as the volume or mass varies as the cube of the radius, and as the mechanical pressure of light on the whole surface varies as that surface, and as the force of gravity varies as the mass, if a sphere is made smaller and smaller it is easily seen that the pressure of light does not decrease so fast as the force of gravity, so bodies beyond a certain minuteness could not reach the sun, but would be repelled by the mechanical force of its light.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Dear Denial.

"I have heard the late Archbishop Ryan tell of two plump gourmets who were discussing during Lent their favorite fast dishes," said a Philadelphian.

"'Trout,' said the first, with a sigh, 'has gone up, thanks to the high cost of living and the Lenten demand.'

"'Yes,' said the other. 'Isn't it terrible? Oysters, terrapin, teal duck, wine, caviar—everything is dearer. Indeed, I often wonder these days where one is to get the money to fast with.'"

Office of the Footman.

"I don't believe there is anything in that talk about Harlow being hard up," said Little Blake. "Why, he's just blossomed forth with a footman on his motor."

"Footman!" echoed Jinkinson derisively. "Footman is good! That isn't a footman. It's a deputy sheriff in charge of the car."—Harper's Weekly.

Unappreciative.

"Carlyle was a great thinker. You can't turn to a single page without finding some gem of thought. Here, for instance, he says that there is strength in cheerfulness."

"So there is in cheese."—Exchange.

Sydney Smith's Wit.

As Lord Brougham one day rode by in his carriage, on the panel of which was a large B, Sydney Smith is said to have remarked, "There goes a carriage with a B outside and a wasp within."

Vice Versa.

Teacher—I would like some one in the class to define the meaning of vice versa. Bright Boy—It's sleeping with your feet toward the head of the bed.

Good Advice.

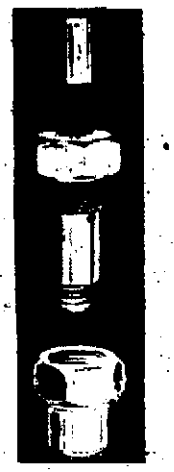
Acorn—What in your opinion is the best business to which a young man can give his attention? Tellit—His own.—Boston Transcript.

Patent Applied For

CLOSED.

HOWE NUT LOOK

The Greatest Invention on Earth



OPENED

Patent Applied For

By its use it will save the lives of many people and many thousand dollars worth of property annually. It is simple in construction and the most durable Lock Nut ever made; can be made to fit any bolt on all kinds of machines and when put in place will not jar or shake off. It is the best nut to be used on Automobiles, Motorcycles, Gas Engines, Flying Machines and Railroads, ever invented.

The Howe Combination Nut Lock,

Is most simple in construction, durable and does all that is claimed for it; First, it operates like any Nut, made with a hollow cone shape piece on the back side of nut divided in four parts, with Threads cut on same next to the Nut, and a second or lock sleeve nut with threads cut in same as in the other nut, and a hollow Cone made to it, so that when the sleeve or nut lock is screwed up tight it draws the four pieces of the inside cone down tight on the threads of the bolt, so that when the sleeve or Nut lock is screwed up tight it is impossible for it to work off or get loose. In tightenining up the outside sleeve or Nut Lock with your fingers you have to use a wrench to get it loose.

Will sell right to Manufacturers. Correspondence solicited.

GEORGE HOWE,
East Smethport, Pa.

"She married a window dresser," is that so?"

"Yes, honest."

"Gee, he ought to be dandy when it comes to hooking up a dress!"—Detroit Free Press.

If time hangs heavy on your hands
And you don't need the same
Just take it to your uncle kind
Who plays the three ball game.
He'll keep it for you snug and safe,
Will share your bitter cup,
But he'll expect a call from you
Whene'er your time is up.
—Boston Herald.

"I knew you were married as soon as I met you, Mr. Wed."

"How so?"

"You wear that apprehensive look."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Hobble skirts are here to stay.
For the maid each time she stumbles
Vows she'll throw the thing away.
—Judge.

Muggins—Women are gradually usurping the place of men. I heard the other day of a woman bill collector.

Buggins—Well, if a woman is as successful in running down a bill as she is in running one up she should be a wonder.—Philadelphia Record.

Dyspeptic friends, do not despair,
But daily watch the bill of fare.
Success in life is but a fake
When founded on the stomach ache.
—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

"Show me one of these old robber castles of the Rhine," commanded the tourist.

"Robber castles?" echoed the puzzled guide. "Does the gentleman mean a garage?"—Washington Herald.

"I am an optimist," he said,
"I love the crowded cars.
And when I fall and bump my head
I like to see the stars."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Is that man wide awake in his business methods?"

"Good heavens, no! He's just patented an insomnia cure."—Atlanta Constitution.

Alas, next year insurance men
Will answer thus: "I fear
I cannot take the risk. You know,
You cannot live long here.
You do not run a motorcar
Or sail an airship fleet.
Instead you still court death, dear sir,
By walking on your feet!"
—Judge.

"Blinks has dyed his hair black. But don't say I told you."

"Why?"

"He wants to keep it dark."—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

The road to wealth and fame
Is rough and steep to view,
And many who have climbed the same
Have found it crooked too.
—Chicago Tribune.

Have Plants Souls?

The day is drawing nearer when scientists will clearly establish that plants have some sort of a "soul." Proofs of their sensitiveness and the analogy of hundreds of them with certain animals are rapidly increasing in number.—Nouvelle Revue, Paris.

The American Born Princess.

My father, Prince Napoleon Lucien Charles, was in exile in the United States, and so it happened that I was born in America, on the borders of the Delaware. I came into the world with the last sigh of the old year—that is to say, at midnight on the 31st of December, 1833. I have said that my father was in exile. When he was eleven years old his mother left Naples with her four children—two boys and two girls—and retired to the Chateau de Frohsdorff, taking the title of Comtesse de Lipona—Napoli transposed. There my father lived till he was joined by his uncle, the Emperor Napoleon's eldest brother, King Joseph of Spain, who on the fall of the first empire had retired to the United States and taken a lovely place near Bordentown, N. J., where he lived for eleven years as Count de Survilliers. It was at Bordentown that I entered this sorry world, my father having in 1831 married a Miss Caroline Georgina Fraser of Scotch origin, descending from the old family of Lovat.—Princess Caroline Murat's "Memoirs."

A Shock to Vanity.

"My wife gave me a birthday present that has a tendency to take the conceit out of any man who thinks he's good looking," said the man who shaves himself. "I confess that I have all along had a sort of sneaking idea that I had a little more than my share of manly beauty; that when it came to a showdown I was there with the goods. But not any more. I'm cured. And my wife's present did it. What was it? Why, simply one of those shaving glasses that magnify three times. The first time I used it I got a view of my face that rather startled me. Every blemish, every wild hair under the skin, every open pore, all the minute ugliness that isn't apparent to the naked eye—these things confronted me in all their magnified repulsiveness. I used the glass just once and then accidentally dropped it down the air shaft to the basement below. I don't want to look like a monstrosity every time I shave myself."—New York Times.

G. H. DENNING

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From the best Mills at Home and Abroad, any portion of your esteemed order will be most highly appreciated.

BAKER & GELDER

Men's and Boys' Clothing and Outfitters
Successors to WM. HORNER & CO.
Olean House Block, Olean, N. Y.

THE OLD STONE DOORSTEP

The Trouble It Caused to a Pair of Lovers

By Clarissa Mackie

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

Angeline Mason was driving to the Willow mill. The month was June, and the early morning was fresh and dewy and fragrant with the scent of roses and new grass. The wheels of the buggy crackled and crunched the pebbles on the shore road where the lapping waves of a flood tide would soon obliterate the tracks of the little rat tailed sorrel horse.

"Get up, Nemo," said Angeline sharply as they turned the corner into the main road, which ascended sharply to the woods beyond. Nemo did not accelerate his dignified amble in the slightest degree. A contemptuous shiver ran along the high ridge of his backbone and down his drooping flanks.

Miss Mason stared straight ahead as they passed Newton Foster's house. It was a snug little two storied, old fashioned house with an ell on the west. There was the squeaking of a well rope, and Angeline knew that Newton was drawing water from the new well. Although it had been dug for twenty years, she always thought of it as the "new well." She peered through the little pane of glass in the back of the buggy top and saw Nathan bending under the weight of a pail of water. He disappeared, and her glance wandered to the ell where the blinds were tightly closed and overshadowed by tall, untrimmed shrubs. The grass and weeds grew rankly underfoot and choked the path up to the closed door. Everywhere else the place was tidy and trim with neatly defined walks, closely shorn grass and thrifty plants. The windows of the main part of the house were open to the sun, and smoke curled from the kitchen chimney, but all looked cold and dark and gloomy.

Angeline's curious glance wandered again to the closed door, and then fell to the brown doorstone. She frowned and clucked sharply to the sorrel. Her interest in the closed portion of the old house would never abate. When she drove past alone she would peer back at it through the pane of glass. In company with others she always stared straight ahead and evinced not the slightest interest in it. For that reason people said Angeline was hard hearted.

But Angeline was far from being the possessor of an adamantine heart. She had as much of human tenderness as any woman and was talked throughout the community for her sympathy with the unfortunate. Many kindly deeds of charity and neighborly thoughtfulness had gained for Angeline the universal respect and good will of all. Nevertheless she was known to have a temper of her own, and once she made up her mind she held to her way with a tenacity that might be called stubbornness. Folks said that this characteristic was responsible for the act that left her still a maiden at

"AH, I THOUGHT SO!" SHE SAID BITTERLY

middle life, for there was a story connected with Angeline's single blessedness, a story well known to all the neighborhood roundabout. In her youth Angeline had had her romance, and it was unhappily ended largely through her pride and because she felt that injustice had been done her by the man of her choice. So that is why she set her lips firmly and her eyes straight ahead on that June morning as she drove past Newton Foster's house. So again she spoke sharply to Nemo and tried to urge him from his dignified pace.

Twenty years before Angeline Mason and Newton Foster were on the eve of being married. Newton had dug a new well and had built the addition on the west of the house so that Angeline could have a sitting room. Together they bought the furniture for the new room, and then the day before the wedding Newton showed Angeline the doorstone which he had just laid.

"It looks like a gravestone," she had remarked disapprovingly.

"So 'tis," returned Newton carelessly. "I bought it down to the old Appleby place, in Snarling Hollow. There was a family burying ground in the orchard, so Bigot says."

"I guess Bigot is right if he is a foreigner," Angeline had said sharply. "Do you mean to tell me, Newton Foster, that you never knew that my mother was an Appleby and that that tombstone is probably one of her ancestors?"

Newton stared at his sweetheart. Ordinarily he would have laughed at the doubtful meaning conveyed by her question, but the sharpness of her tone stirred a dormant perversity within him. "Of course I knew it," he had replied quietly.

"Turn it over," commanded Angeline imperiously.

Newton Foster went away and presently returned with a crowbar, with which he pried up the stone and turned it over. Angeline brushed the loose earth away eagerly.

"Ah, I thought so!" she said bitterly as she bent over the inscription chiseled in the stone:

Sacred
to the memory of
Anna Maria Appleby,
who was born April 9th first, 1750,
and departed this life Novr 9th fourth, 1830,
Aet 61 years.

"Anna Marie Appleby was my great-great-great-aunt," said Angeline severely. "Of course you can't expect me to walk over her gravestone. It's the most disrespectful thing I ever heard of."

Newton Foster replaced the stone with careful deliberation. "It's going to stay right there, Angeline," he said quietly.

"I shall never enter the house then," returned Angeline hotly. And it had been so. There was no wedding the next day nor afterward. Angeline Mason and Newton Foster were strangers.

Now Angeline was driving through the sweet smelling woods, twenty years older, but with a certain youthful freshness about her round face in spite of her sad eyes. Now she entered the Honeyspot road, and it was right here that Newton had proposed to her. How she hated it! She thought of the matter which was taking her to the Willow mill, and a glow of content crept over her.

Years ago it had been necessary for her to mortgage her little home. Her only brother, the miller at Willow mill, had made the loan. Of late years he had needed the money and had pressed her sorely for it. He was a hard man, yet so far he had not foreclosed upon the mortgage. Now Angeline had come into a little legacy, and with the money in her pocketbook she was going to pay off the mortgage.

"I've come to pay up the note, James," she had said after she had greeted her brother and his wife.

The miller glanced at his wife and then thrust his thumb into the armholes of his dusty waistcoat. "I've transferred it," he said abruptly.

"You mean you've sold it?" asked Angeline in amazement.

"Yes."

"You didn't say anything to me about it."

"It wasn't necessary. I asked you time and again for the money and you didn't have it, and as I needed it badly, why, I had a chance to somebody wanted to buy a mortgage, so I sold it." He shuffled uneasily as he met Angeline's suspicious glance.

"Who did you sell it to?" she asked.

James Mason hesitated and again glanced at his wife. "I never thought you'd pay it," he mattered sullenly.

"He sold it to Newton Foster," announced Mrs. Mason, with a note of spite in her sharp tones.

Angeline flushed from brow to chin. "To Newton Foster!" she repeated in a half whisper. "How could you, Jimmy?"

The miller blushed furiously at the sound of the old childhood's name which had slipped unconsciously from his sister's lips. "I needed the money," he repeated shamefacedly, "and I tried to get it from Lawyer Meade, but he didn't have it, but he said Foster was looking for investments, and so Mr. Meade got it for me, and we fixed it up that way."

"When did you transfer it?" asked Angeline dully.

"A year ago."

"And the interest I paid you?"

"I sent to Mr. Meade."

Without a word Angeline turned her horse about. Mrs. Mason with vindictive eyes stepped in front of Nemo, with her stout arms akimbo. She had been a daughter of Bigot, the German who lived in the old Appleby place, and she disliked her sister-in-law most heartily. "You needn't be so uppish, Miss Angeline Mason," she sneered. "It don't pay to put on too many airs, ma'am! Years ago when you quarreled with Newton Foster over that old doorstone I could have told you that my father sold your father two of the same kind. One of them is the white marble step at your front door, and the other is a grindstone in the barn to your place. All the bodies—and I guess there wasn't much left of them—was moved to Long Point by that rich Appleby, and he put up new stones, and"—

"Thank you, Bertha," interrupted Angeline, with unexpected gentleness, and with a little cluck to Nemo she drove away, with dazed eyes and quickly throbbing heart.

It had been a shock to her pride and sensitiveness to learn that her brother had sold the mortgage upon her home to Newton Foster and that now she must approach Mr. Meade, the lawyer, and make arrangements to pay the promised sum through his hands. Even that stung her to faintness. Through all her lonely years she had looked back on her disappointed love as one looks on a faded, familiar picture or remembers a dream. Her high spirit had died with her youth, and if her lover had approached her at any time during those twenty long years she would have welcomed him timidly, gladly, yet unbelievingly that it was really he.

To realize at this late day that she had been in the wrong was an added bitterness. The very minute that she reached home she would verify the truth of her sister-in-law's statement. If it was true that she had been using an Appleby gravestone for a doorstep and another for a grindstone she would apologize to Newton Foster and go away. She had a cousin out in New York state who had invited her to come and live with her. She would rent the little house and go to her.

Unseeing and unheeding, she had driven through the rustling woods and reached the summit of the long hill that led down to the main road. She

A STRONG BROWN HAND GRASPED THE BRIDLE REIN.

must manage to drive very quickly past Newton's house. She could not bear to look again upon the closed and darkened ell and the weed grown grass plot. She reached forward and took the whip from its socket and touched the old horse sharply.

Nemo started with surprise, and there was the snap of a breaking trace. Terrified by the accident, the animal shot down the declivity, the broken trace slapping his heels and adding terror to his excitement. The wheels of the buggy revolved dizzily, and Angeline's face peered white and straight from the gloom of the swaying hood. "Whoa, boy! Whoa, boy!" she gasped breathlessly.

She was still gasping with fright when they reached the foot of the hill. For a few rods the old horse tore madly along and then suddenly stopped and reared back as a strong brown hand grasped his bridle rein. After that Angeline fainted for the first time in her life.

When she recovered consciousness she was sitting on the doorstone of the ell and Newton Foster was fanning her awkwardly with his hat.

"I had to bring you here, Angeline. It was nearest. The blamed old horse stopped right in front of the gate."

Angeline sighed. "I don't mind," she said wearily. "I'd like a drink of water from the new well, Newton."

He stared at her in silence for a minute and then went into the house. Presently he went to the well, and Angeline heard the squeak of the well rope. She smiled as Newton held a glass of water to her lips. "It's so good," she murmured. Suddenly full recollection came to her and with it an overpowering embarrassment. She struggled to her feet and leaned against the lintel of the closed door.

"I guess I'll be going now," she said slowly. "I'm much obliged to you. I guess you saved my life."

"It wasn't anything 'tall,'" said Foster shyly. He was still pondering over the matter of the "new well." She had not forgotten, and he had put in eight new well holes since then.

"Where is my horse?" asked Angeline as she stepped down the path.

"I put him in my barn. He was all tuckered out. I'll bring him over to your house by and by," returned Foster.

"I'm much obliged," said Angeline again.

"Say," ventured Newton Foster, with evident embarrassment—"say, Angeline!"

"What is it?" breathed Angeline, leaning against the gate for support.

"I'm thinking of taking up this here old doorstone!" he blurted forth with crimson face.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Miss Mason feebly. "You see, I've heard all about how we've had two of those stones at our house all my life. Somebody told me about it today, and I was going to tell you I was sorry I spoke as I did that day."

"That day" lay twenty years back in the past, but it was vividly present to these two.

"It wasn't your fault, because you didn't know," said Foster gravely. "It was more my fault, because I knew all about it."

"I'm going home now," said Angeline, with a tired little smile.

"I'm going with you," said Newton Foster, with his old time authoritative tone. "You ain't fit to take care of yourself."

Transformation

An Easter Story

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Anne Wilbur walked to the window and looked out at the spring sunshine. Tall, graceful and very lovely, her slender form was silhouetted against the light. There was no one to admire Anne save the little crowd eyed secretary across the room, and she looked and adored with all her foolish heart. She thought it must be glorious to be young and rich and lovely and quite her own mistress, as was the case with her employer, but then the little secretary thought of her own large family of brothers and sisters and was immediately very thankful that she was not as lonely as Anne Wilbur, who lived in the stately house with a cold and stiff guardian aunt.

Miss Wilbur looked out at the sunshine and the deep grassy yard behind the dwelling, with its careful grouping of shrubs, its freshly raked brown earth beds where prim rows of tulips, daffodils and crocuses flaunted their gay dresses.

It was merely a city lot, yet money and skill had combined to make it a pleasant retreat from the glaring streets or the stuffiness of the house in midsummer. Sometimes in the early morning Anne walked along the graveled paths, but it was used principally by the servants in the big house, who sought relaxation there after the day's work was done.

At the rear wall of the yard there abutted another lot inclosing a shabby cottage which was sadly in need of fresh paint; the neglected yard surrounding it showed the accumulation of a winter's debris. The charitable mantle of snow which had covered it had now melted, exposing old bottles, tin cans, rags, papers, and broken boxes to the searching light of the spring sunshine. In all the yard there was not one tuft of green grass, not a flower nor anything that was beautiful—and yet it was spring.

Anne Wilbur owned this shabby cottage, and a succession of destructive tenants had ravaged the place of its original cozy prettiness. At last, despairing of maintaining it in any semblance to respectability, she had ordered it demolished, only to find that her agent had unwittingly leased the premises to a new tenant. The little secretary had just read this news to her from the agent's letter, and Anne, with an indifferent shrug of her shapely shoulders, had walked to the window that overlooked the cottage.

For a moment there was vexation on her face that her intention had gone awry. The next dissatisfaction disappeared at a sudden reconsideration. In a week she was to be married. Her home was to be in a distant city. She would not be obliged to contemplate from her rear windows the shabby cottage, the tomato cans, the old brooms, bottomless coal scuttles and broken crockery. It would be for others to view this inartistic scene, while she would look upon more inviting objects.

A moving van was backed up before the door of the cottage, and in its cavernous depths Anne could see a pitiful gathering of furniture. The men began to unload the van, and Anne noted that the few pieces, though somewhat shabby and worn, were of handsome quality and in excellent taste. She also saw that the windows of the house had been brightly polished and that crisp, clean muslin curtains hung within.

These things promised a more ambitious occupant for the house. Anne turned to the secretary: "Miss Binns, will you please telephone to Mr. Collins and ask him about the new tenant?"

Presently Miss Binns returned. "Mr. Collins says it is a widow and her little daughter. The mother is employed in a millinery establishment downtown. She seems a quiet, refined young woman, and her name is Rodman, Mrs. Marcia Rodman."

Anne Wilbur dismissed the little secretary and turned once more to the window, pressing her face against the cold glass. The van had gone away and all was silent about the shabby cottage. As she watched with haggard face the back door opened and a woman accompanied by a child came out and looked at the neglected yard.

The woman was small and slight, with a dark, piquant face and sweet lips. There was a flush in her cheeks as she talked to the child, who was a fairylike image of the mother. It was evident that they were discussing the possibilities of improving the yard, and Anne wondered what they could do, for it was plainly to be seen that they were poor. When the mother and child had re-entered the cottage Anne left the window and sat down before the glowing grate fire.

There was a fierce joy in her gray eyes and her fine lips were scarlet with the pressure she exerted to restrain her emotion. It had come her turn at last. Five years before she, Anne Wilbur, a petted daughter of the rich, had lost her lover to the poor woman who now occupied her wretched cottage. The girl had been a nobody, and thriftless Jack Rodman had thrown over friends, position and profession and eloped with the dark eyed beauty. Jack had died afterward penniless. Now his widow, struggling for a livelihood, had drifted back to the city and into the cottage owned by the deserted sweetheart.

Again she approached the window and stared at the cottage. The mother and child were gathering the rubbish into a heap, and presently they set fire to it and watched it burn to ashes.

Presently the mother brought a trowel and dug a small bed in the poor soil of the yard, and the child planted some flower seeds with eager muddy little fingers.

When that was done they came to the dividing fence and peeped over into Miss Wilbur's pretty garden. There was a brave showing of crocuses and tulips, and the strangers looked wistfully at the purple and gold of the blooms; then they turned and disappeared within the cottage.

The sun declined, sending long slanting rays of yellow across the yards and finally into Anne Wilbur's thoughtful face, now stern and severe.

Tomorrow's sun would rise on a fair Easter morning; the churches and dwellings would be sweet with blossoms. Her own church was noted for its magnificent floral display, and she knew that in the drawing room her servants were arranging flowering plants from her conservatory.

The barren little yard about the cottage haunted her and blotted out the brighter pictures.

After awhile she strolled into the conservatory and wandered through the green alleys, touching here and there a blooming rose or inhaling the sweetness of a clambering jasmine flower. Her gardener, James, was working among the potted plants in a cooler house.

"How many red geraniums have you now, James?" inquired his mistress.

"About 300 plants, Miss Wilbur."

"And pansy plants—and sweet alyssum?"

"About the same number, ma'am."

"Set aside a hundred plants of the finest of each. Take two men over to the cottage and clean out the yard thoroughly. After that is done report to me."

"It's getting late, Miss Wilbur," hesitated James respectfully.

"You will receive double wages for overtime," she said coolly.

"Yes, ma'am," said James with alacrity.

Anne thrust a bunch of bright eyed pansies into the laces of her bosom and went back to the library. She seated herself at the desk and wrote a brief note to her agent.

"Please have the cottage thoroughly repaired inside as well as out. Consult the new tenant's wishes regarding paint and paper. Try to start the work by next Monday."

Later in the evening James reported the task accomplished and received other orders from his mistress, some of which seemed impossible of accomplishment, but Anne Wilbur possessed a magic tool that could achieve astonishing results, and for the first time she realized the value of the gold which had always been hers and which she had accepted as her natural birthright.

Before Anne retired that Saturday night she peeped once more through the window that overlooked the cottage yard. It was almost midnight, and the little house was dark, but there were shadowy forms moving about the yard, and occasionally there was the flash of a shovel against stone. Anne drew back with a satisfied smile and as she mounted the broad stairs to her room she hummed a little tune under her breath.

"Call me at 6, Marie," she said when she dismissed her maid.

At 6 o'clock on Easter morning Anne looked eagerly from the library window toward the cottage. A strange transformation had taken place overnight, for the trusty James had done his work well.

Instead of the squalid disorder of the bare, grassless yard there was a covering of fine green turf. Quantities of rich brown earth had been formed into flower beds all around the house. Beds of glowing red geraniums were massed here and there, while gorgeous pansies filled every available space that was not occupied by snowy sweet alyssum. It was like the transformation scene in a pantomime.

The back door of the cottage opened, and Anne almost heard the cry of amazement that burst from the lips of Marcia Rodman and her little girl. The mother stared with unbelieving eyes, while the child danced with delight among the flowers and then disappeared around the path that led to the front of the cottage.

"Oh, mother," Anne heard her cry; "it's splendider in front than it is in back. It's the beautifulest place we ever lived in."

The little mother pressed a handkerchief to her sweet eyes, and Anne saw her approach the fence where James had presented a placidly interested countenance. He had been instructed to say that his mistress wished the grounds to be beautified for Easter and that he was to take care of them.

Anne saw the widow's eyes fill with grateful tears as she turned them toward the big house, and then she knelt down on the dewy grass and buried her face in the fragrant alyssum. Anne knew that she was praying. She was probably asking God's blessing on Anne Wilbur's proud head.

Then a transformation came over Anne Wilbur's heart until it blossomed like the barren cottage garden. Tears filled her gray eyes, and through the tears she seemed to see herself grown stronger, more tolerant, more pitiful. She saw herself making the way smooth for Jack Rodman's wife and child, and the brightness of the Easter sunshine seemed to fall all about her until she was enveloped in a golden flood of happiness.

State.
Governor—John K. Tener.
State Treasurer—John O. Phota.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.
President Judge—Joseph W. Beaton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—Charles E. Patton, Curwinsville.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—R. W. Hilton, Smethport; E. E. Benson, Mt. Jewett.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—E. F. Stanley, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank E. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. J. Abbey, Smethport; A. E. Anders, Clermont; A. R. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hayle.
District Attorney—Guy E. Mayo, Smethport.

Borough.
Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. M. Biever, Secretary; J. W. Waite, E. W. Workley, G. H. Denning, F. L. Eberburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sasse.
Justices—E. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—U. H. Hyde.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. O. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John D. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—U. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. E. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
EDGAR W. STRONG, W. M.
W. J. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 339, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA AUBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 38, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
ELIZABETH PURTLE, Pres.
ANNIE STARK, Secy.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Odd Fellows' Hall.
JOHN PICKERSGILL, S.
L. R. HOGARTH C. of R.

CHURCHES

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McGovern, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:45 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:30; Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal—Rev. W. H. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. H. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Tierney, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tierney, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, June 15, 1911.

Local and General.

—Fry & Comes have a new advertisement this week.

—A coat of paint has been applied to Green's grist mill.

—Yesterday was fittingly observed by many of our townspeople as Flag Day.

—A party of 9 young men of this place are spending a week at Frog Camp.

—George E. Matthews, editor of the Buffalo Express, aged 56 years, died at his home in Buffalo Sunday night.

—A cement sidewalk is being laid in front of the Herzog property on Center street. George Barber is doing the work.

—Last Friday the Kane postoffice was designated as a postal savings bank. The postoffice will be started as a savings bank on July 5th.

—A suit case with the initials "G. W. G." was lost Monday on the road from Smethport to Mt. Alton. Finder will please leave at this office.

—We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend the commencement exercises of the Central State Normal School at Lock Haven, Pa., on June 21.

—A young man who begins life by being a moral scavenger will in the conclusion be shunned by his associates and clean speaking are essentials in making a man out of a boy.

—J. Lester Ward had business in Smethport Wednesday. He is a candidate for the office of county chairman of the Republican County committee.—Port Allegany Argus.

—There was no race suicide in Pennsylvania in the year 1910, as is shown by the following figures just made public by Health Commissioner Dixon: Births, 209,636; deaths, 119,721.

—E. E. Windsor of Pittsburg yesterday sold through the Herrick Agency of Olean, to Milton Wright of Eldred, a farm of 25 acres located one and one-half miles from Eldred. The trade included the oil and gas right.

—Claude Lyons, the popular young clerk at Wells' drug store, on Monday purchased through the agency of E. A. Hamilton a 2-cylinder Merkel motorcycle. This is one of the best machines on the market.

—There were twenty-six teachers in town Friday and Saturday to take the examinations for permanent certificates. The examinations were given by Prof. Stanley Bright of this place and Mrs. Helen Scudder of Ludlow.

—Anson A. Maxson of Ceres on Tuesday purchased through the Olean office of the Herrick Agency, the George Miller farm of 50 acres on the Windfall road, four miles from Olean. The trade included stock, tools, and crops, with immediate possession.

—The first fifty-cent piece he ever earned was handed for the second time recently to Frank Woods, a local hotel proprietor of Oil City, Pa. A guest presented the coin in paying his bill. Mr. Woods recognized the coin by his initials which he had cut on it twenty years ago.

The terrific electrical storm of Sunday and Monday were the worst this section ever saw. Rain fell in torrents and Monday afternoon considerable hail fell. Although nothing in town was struck by lightning, as far as we can learn, reports from nearby places state that the lightning did considerable damage.

—W. L. Wells, who with his wife were in attendance at the commencement exercises at State College, has favored The Era with a copy of the "State Collegian," containing a number of interesting facts and a complete report of the exercises. J. Donald Hogarth, class of '14, and a McKean county young man is among the associate editors of the "State Collegian."—Bradford Era. The Miner is pleased to see that "Don" is making good on that paper.

—The Allegheny river and other streams are still filled with floating dead fish, and interested parties, including fish wardens and fishermen, are beginning to wonder if the thousands of dead bodies seen were the victims of disease or dynamite. The fish are so numerous that they leave a very undesirable stench along the streams and on shallow riffles hundreds have lodged. They are mostly of the species known as "soft" fish—suckers, chubs, horned dace and the like. The fish warden is puzzled, and though he has made many trips along the river cannot find any trace of dynamite being used except the floating dead fish.—Warren Times.

—Carl H. Tew, John V. Longshore, Wm. Welch and H. E. Brown of Kane were Smethport visitors last week. They were touring the county in Mr. Brown's car and advertising the third annual convention of the McKean County Volunteer Firemen's Association to be held in Kane July 3 and 4. The Kane firemen are well known as royal entertainers and all can look for a good time. Arrangements are being made for special train service over all roads. The Smethport Fire Department will be well represented and a large number of our citizens will take in the celebration. Smethport will also be represented in the races to be held on the afternoon of the Fourth.

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Jack McInnis, Connie Mack's Latest Wonder.

Photo by American Press Association.

Jack McInnis of the Philadelphia Athletics is not old enough to vote, but he is the best substitute infielder in the country. "Stuffy," as his teammates call him, first saw the light of day in Gloucester, Mass., in October, 1890. He joined the Athletics in the spring of 1909, having made a name for himself as a member of the Gloucester high school nine and the Haverhill New England league team. Mack started him in as a regular, but he soon yielded the shortstop position to Jack Barry. McInnis got back into the game regularly several weeks ago when Barry was injured and has been hitting at a .500 clip ever since. He is making two or more hits daily, and as a rule one of them is a triple. At the rate the little fellow is going now it is doubtful that Barry will be able to get back his old position as a member of the Mack stone wall infield. McInnis is the sensation of the American league season.

Bull Terrier Helps to Win Game.

At South Bend, Ind., where the Wheeling and South Bend teams of the Central league were playing recently, a Boston bull terrier won the game for Wheeling by a score of 4 to 3. In the ninth inning Crane of Wheeling drove the ball into the outfield, and the terrier chased the ball, grabbing it in his mouth and scampering away from the outfielders, hot in pursuit. Before an outfielder could overtake the canine and pick the ball from its teeth Crane had gained an additional base and later scored with the winning run.

Hawaii Swimming Tourney.

A team of Hawaiian swimmers are coming to the United States in July—that is, if they are satisfied they are good enough to have a chance with the Americans. For the purpose of finding out the real merit of the Hawaiians an aquatic meet is to be held at Honolulu on June 11. This is to be a record meet, and if the records are at all respectable the men will be sent to the Pacific coast.

Doyle Making Good.

Jimmy Doyle, the Cubs' new third baseman, is fast winning his spurs. He has batted in many runs at critical stages since he went to the far corner, and in each contest he shows signs of overcoming the nervousness that laid hold of him before he became thoroughly accustomed to the machine-like work of Chance and Tinker.

Clarke Still Inventing.

Manager Fred Clarke of Pittsburg has invented a rubber device to be placed in front of the regulation pitching slab. The object is to prevent twirlers from digging deep holes. The Pirate leader has patents on several other baseball utensils, including a canvas jacket for the diamond.

New York Promoters Losing Money.

All the big fights in New York recently have been financial losers for the promoters, and three of the clubs in that city have announced that in the future the contestants in the star fights will have to work on the percentage basis, as they will not offer guarantees from now on.

Different Methods of Handling Vets.

What a difference in the passing of two veterans who have given their employers notable service—Sam Leever of Pittsburg is released free to his own inclinations; Harry Steinfeldt of Chicago, protesting, is sold into the minors. Just a difference in methods of magnates.

Why Ed Reulbach Is Wild.

Knowing the weaknesses of the batters too well and trying to pitch to them is the reason Ed Reulbach of the Cubs gives for his wildness this season. Manager Chance has suggested that Reulbach forget the weaknesses and "put the ball over."

Hauser Hitting Ball Hard.

Little Shortstop Hauser of the Cardinals has developed into a .300 hitter. He chokes his bat now and crowds the plate.

HUMOROUS QUIPS

The Man Who Kicks.

Philosophers may tell you that an everlasting smile
Is better than a mixture, half and half
Of smiles and frowns used alternately
every little while
And that the world will love you if you
laugh.
But I have often noticed that the man
who's always kind
And smiles, no matter how hard he's
been hit,
Gets what the kickers wouldn't take, and
you will always find
The man who kicks some gets the best
of it.

I've seen it in my daily walks through
life, and, while I know
That frowns bring favors sometimes
when a smile
Would fail, I try to smile a little everywhere I go
And often miss the best things by a
mile.
I've seen it in the hotels as I waited for
my meals
While kickers came and almost had a fit
That made all hands step lively, and it's
so in other deals—
The man who kicks some gets the best
of it.

The man who smiles continually and never makes a kick
Will be imposed upon and often sold.
For merchants like to sell their goods and
always turn the trick
Of passing out what's damaged or is old
To one who does not raise a howl and
kick for something new,
Although the things they sell to him do
not fit.
I like the smiling method best, but still I
know 'tis true
The man who kicks some gets the best
of it.

—Charles H. Meiers in Puck.

Poor Dog.

So often we call a man a dog when we wish to reproach him.
And yet a dog—
Doesn't lie,
Doesn't swear,
Doesn't cheat,
Doesn't drink,
Doesn't smoke,
Doesn't swindle,
Doesn't flirt,
Doesn't borrow,
Doesn't pretend
And wouldn't even resent it if you called it a man.—Life.

Took His Nerve.

"It's up to me to get a new gag. I told dat lady in de cottage dat I used to travel wid a circus."

"I suppose she got off dat old chestnut by giving yer an ax and asking yer to do de split?"

"Nor she had a new one. She gave me a saw and told me to saw up a cord of wood and den de fresh sawdust would remind me of de circus rings."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Evidence.

"Say, Bunkerton, Tom Billups has applied for a position in our bank, and I'm looking up his general record," said Dobbleigh. "Can you tell me if he—er—if he is a man of domestic habits?"

"Why, yes, I guess so," returned Bunkerton—"that is, judging from the cigars he smokes his tastes are entirely that way."—Harper's Weekly.

A Much Needed Boon.

"I am working on an invention that will, I think, be the greatest boon mankind could have."

"Will it reduce the cost of living?"

"No, but it will make it impossible for people in other parts of the house to hear those in the boxes talking while operatic performances are going on."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Fright.

"Yes," said Miss Knox, "I saw her in that new gown of hers, and she really behaved as if she was happy."

"Well?" queried Miss Ascum.

"Well, it's remarkable how happy some people can be no matter how they look."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Result.

"I suppose those garden seeds I sent saved you quite a little money," said the affable statesman.

"No," replied Mr. Growcher. "I hadn't the heart to waste 'em, and the result is that I'm in debt for garden implements."—Washington Star.

His Contrary Methods.

"If a successful perfume manufacturer were to become director of the mint he would revolutionize its methods, wouldn't he?"

"How so?"

"Because he coins dollars by making scents."—Baltimore American.

Unusual.

She—What are you laughing at?

He—Your hat.

"Oh, dear! Haven't I got it on straight?"

"Yes; that's why I'm laughing. It looks funny on straight."—Yonkers Statesman.

Fixing the Record.

Clergyman (taking friend round poor parish)—Yes, a nervous little fellow. I remember his father was highly strung.

Woman—Ye remember wrong then. 'E got orf wiv ten years!—Punch.

Selfish Girl.

The Widow—Everybody says my daughter got her beauty from me. What do you think about it?

Old Bachelor—Well, she certainly had a lot of nerve to take all of it.—Chicago News.

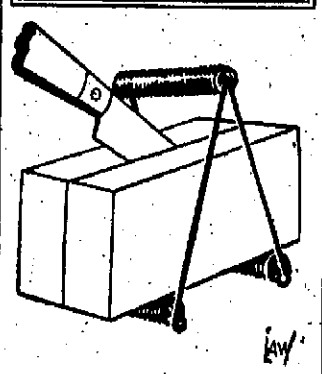
No Use For It Then.

"Do you save up money for a rainy day, dear?"

"Oh, no! I never shop when it rains."—Browning's Magazine.

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Simple Contrivance For Cleaning Knives.



The device for cleaning kitchen knives herewith shown is the invention of a California man. This contrivance consists of a couple of cleaning stones held in juxtaposition in a resilient frame. The frame consists of two inverted V shaped wires with springs connecting the three corners of each. This has the effect of keeping the stones close together all the time, but allowing enough leeway for the admission of a knife blade or the tines of a fork, which can be cleaned by being rubbed up and down a few times. The springs will insure a sufficiently strong pressure to give good frictional action at all times.

Ham and Peppers.

The odds and ends of a boiled ham may be used up in a scallop with green peppers. Mince the ham. Cut the peppers in two, remove the seeds and chop them fine. Then butter a baking pan, put a layer of the ham in the bottom, add a layer of the peppers, sprinkle with fine breadcrumbs, turn in a little beef stock or hot water flavored with beef extract, salt and pepper; put in more ham, peppers, etc., and continue until the dish is full. Sprinkle the top with buttered crumbs, bake covered for about half an hour and then brown the top.

Veal Cutlets With Onion.

Have the bone taken out and the cutlets trimmed carefully. Then sprinkle an onion that has been chopped fine over the bottom of a baking pan, put the meat on it, brush the meat with melted butter, sprinkle over it a little more onion, a cupful of stewed and strained tomatoes, a tablespoonful of minced parsley, salt and pepper and bake in a hot oven for about half an hour. Remove the meat to a hot platter and strain over it the sauce from the pan.

Stewed Sheep's Tongue.

Three sheep's tongues, pepper, salt, one sliced onion and lemon juice. Boil the sheep's tongues till tender and remove the skins; dredge thickly with flour, pepper and salt. Put them into a stewpan with one gill of stock, onion and a few drops of browning and simmer gently for five minutes. To serve, cut each tongue lengthwise. Place on a hot dish. Bring the gravy to the boil, season with pepper and salt and add ten drops of lemon juice and pour over.

Cleaning the Teakettle.

To remove the deposit from the inside of teakettles fill the kettle with water and add to it a dram of sal ammoniac. Let it boil for an hour, when the fur or petrified substance found on the metal will be dissolved and can be easily removed. Rinse the kettle well, then boil out once or twice before using the contents.

Eggs and Tomatoes.

Choose large, smooth tomatoes. Cut off top, but do not remove the skin. Scoop out the inside and break into each tomato an egg. Season, strew with crumbs, put a bit of butter on top of each one and bake for eight or ten minutes in a very hot oven. The pulp may be stewed and used as a gravy, if desired.

Eggs and Sausage.

For an appetizing little supper dish cover the bottom of a baking dish with stewed and strained tomatoes and over them drop poached eggs. Put slices of cooked sausages or tiny sausages in the spaces between the eggs, bits of butter on the eggs and heat thoroughly in the oven.

Filler For Floor Cracks.

An easily made, cheap and satisfactory crack filler for floors can be made as follows: Dissolve one pound of ordinary glue in a pint of boiling water. To this add enough fine sawdust to make it of a consistency to spread well. This is one of the best fillers to use before varnishing floors.

Brass Curtain Rings.

An easy way to clean pins and rings that have become black with use is to put them into a bowl with hot water and vinegar, two parts vinegar to one of water. Let them stand for a few hours and then rub on a coarse cloth, and they will look like new.

Stuffed Dates.

Dates stuffed with walnuts and then dipped in melted chocolate make a delicious bonbon. Among a saucerful of such dates have, for variety's sake, a few that are stuffed with raisins and dipped also in chocolate.

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The Girl Who Loved Him

Story of a Commencement Season

By Thomas R. Dean

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Commencement was but a couple of months away, and I was very busy getting my classes ready for the exercises, when Laura Warren, a senior of the Woman's college, remained after lecture one afternoon to ask me some questions about her graduation speech. Miss Warren was to have the salutatory oration, which is always spoken in Latin. She had become very proficient in the Latin language and literature and selected for the subject of her commencement oration "Augustus Caesar, the Founder of the Roman Empire."

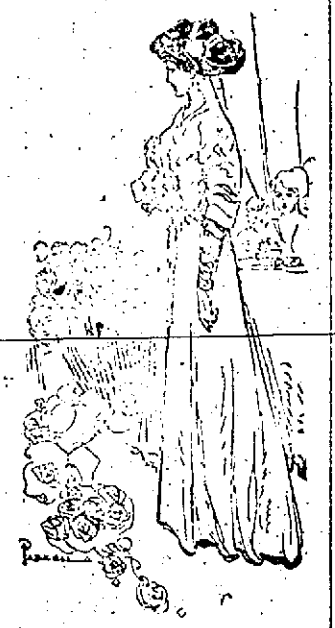
"What, professor," she said, "do you think I would better hold up to the audience as the prominent feature of Augustus' character?"

"That, living in an age of magnificence and luxury, he personally maintained simplicity of living."

"He built or commenced that marvelous structure the palace of the Caesars."

"But lived and died in the house in which he was born. He never left it for its splendid additions."

Miss Warren did not seem to have heard my reply. She appeared to be



HER BEAUTIFUL ORBS SANK TO MINE.

thinking of something else. I asked her what was on her mind.

"Suppose," she replied, "instead of Augustus I take for my subject some pure, noble Roman woman, one with a love story in her life?"

"It would be a more interesting theme to your audience."

Miss Warren smiled. I asked what amused her.

"Professor," she replied, "it does not occur to you that my audience will not understand one word of my oration."

"Really, I did not think of that."

"You are so interested in the affairs of the Romans that you live some sixteen or seventeen centuries ago. You are simply oblivious to what goes on about you. You would be of great assistance to me in an oration on August . . . If I chose a theme based on the love of a Roman maiden you would be of service to me."

"Why so?" I asked, surprised.

"Because you know nothing about love . . . I do not even know that one of the students in this college loves you."

"Loves me?"

"She has given you her whole heart."

"Who is she?"

"You surely wouldn't have me betray the poor girl. But enough of this. I came to consult you about my oration and should not have spoken of a private matter. I shall not speak of Augustus. I have a topic much used, it is true, but one that excites powerful emotions, a vestal virgin who loved and suffered the frightful penalty attached to the crime of a vestal's perfidy."

Miss Warren left me with a smile on her very attractive lips, left me a changed man. Up to this moment I had been so absorbed in the ancients that I had taken no thought of the moderns, and as for the matter of love, I did not know what it meant. My pupil had awakened an interest in it that struck home. Some girl loved me. Why, I was thirty-five, bald, wore spectacles and was an acknowledged bookworm, a wizened specimen of a man without one attractive feature.

Miss Warren came up to me after lecture again in a few days to tell me that she would not select for her topic a vestal who broke her vows, but one who when the Roman people were going over to Christianity in crowds joined the throng. I told Miss Warren that if she vacillated among so many subjects she would have no oration at all. Instead of being impressed with my caution she laughed and submitted several more topics—"The Conspiracy of Catiline," "The Death of Jugurtha," "Was Romulus a Myth?" If I favored one of these topics she inclined toward another. At last, finding it impossible to concentrate her mind on any one of them, I gave up trying. The truth is I wished to ask her again which one of the girls she had referred to in her former conversation with me, but I considered such a subject between professor and student interdicted, and, since she had refused to tell me before, I had no hope of her telling me now.

So passed the time till within a month of commencement. One day when I dismissed my class I called Miss Warren up to my desk and asked her how she was getting on with her oration. She smiled and said she was still hunting for a subject. I strove to impress upon her the necessity of a decision, whereupon she said she was thinking of taking for a theme a girl of Pompeii who loved a man and was pondering on a modest way to let him know it when the dreaded volcano of Vesuvius opened, buried the city under ashes, and the man with it.

I looked so lugubrious at this indirect reference to my own case that Miss Warren smiled. That smile upset me. I didn't know whether I was a professor coaching a student or a man with an unsolvable love problem to deal with. Was it sympathy for this unknown girl who loved me or was I in love with the unknown girl? Nonsense! How could I be in love with an unknown person?

I was conscious of appearing a fool while Miss Warren stood looking at the floor in that respectful attitude which a student is supposed to maintain in the presence of a professor. At the same time there remained a tiny curve at the corners of her mouth and a soft look in her eye that puzzled and at the same time made me feel very queer.

"Select my topic for me, professor," she said. "I will use any you name, and I am sure that with the feeling ever present that it is your choice I shall write a good oration."

I wondered what she meant by that.

"In that case I will choose the one you first named, 'Augustus Caesar.'"

From this time Miss Warren took hold of the matter seriously. She consulted me constantly, and as I saw her oration grow up under my encouragement and influenced here and there by my suggestions my interest in the young oratress constantly increased. I forgot about the girl who had honored me with her love and began to wish that Miss Warren might stand in her place.

On commencement day, when the salutatorian stood up in the attire of a girl graduate—spotless white—and in a melodious voice spoke in a language that died many centuries ago, I listened in rapt attention. I was familiar with it all, but as I listened to the words come forth, every one enunciated musically, it seemed to me that no language has ever been so beautiful, so impressive, as that of Cicero and of Horace.

Once only the speaker cast her eyes down upon me, sitting with other members of the faculty just beneath her, when uttering a sentence in which she had made an error and which I had corrected for her. Instead of the Latin word "amare," "to love," she had used the word "amavi," "I have loved." Her beautiful orbs sank to mine only for a moment, then were raised to the throng.

I could not but be astonished that an oration so beautifully delivered and so well composed should have produced so little effect. But when I remembered that I and possibly one or two others alone understood what the speaker was talking about my surprise faded into a regret that the audience could not have enjoyed it as I did.

I did not see Miss Warren after the delivery of her speech, but called upon her that evening before her intended departure to congratulate her upon its merits. I found her extremely nervous and so enthusiastic was I over her effort of the day that, taking her hand to express my enthusiasm, I found it difficult to release it. When I did so she led me to seats where we could sit side by side and I went over her oration, repeating sentence after sentence in rapture.

I was surprised that she did not show evidence of being especially pleased at my encomiums. She listened impatiently to them and when I rested for breath said:

"Do you wish me to tell you before I go the name of that girl who has given you her heart?"

"No; I don't."

We were sitting close together, she bending forward toying with some ornamental work on the shirt of her dress, so that my eyes fell upon the curves of her waist. Something I know not what got into my arm, and without my consent it dropped upon the waist. For a moment I was frightened; but, seeing that she paid no attention to what I had done, I took courage.

What else occurred during that eventful evening I consider too sacred to give. I have written it out in a dead language, which no one but myself is likely to understand. Before we parted I said to her:

"Since we are betrothed, perhaps you may not object to tell me who is the girl who has given me her heart."

"Don't trouble yourself about her," she replied. "She is not worthy of so guileless a man."

All this happened years ago, and I have since learned how stupid I was not to even suspect that the salutatorian of that year, having become attached to a bookworm, was obliged to turn his attention from the dead languages to herself or leave him to his books. She cared not for Augustus or the vestals or any other of the persons she proposed to make her theme. There was a living person of more importance to her than even the dead emperor. That person, I am proud to say, was the bookworm—myself.

MERCEDES

She Is the Most Beautiful of All the Sisters In the Eyes of Her Lover

By Clarissa Mackie

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The club was almost deserted that summer afternoon as Leland strolled through the empty rooms. One or two elderly men craned their necks around the backs of deep leather chairs at the sound of his clicking boot heels on the polished floor, and then they drew back into their shells like very much disgusted turtles.

In one corner of the library Denny Cushing was yawning over a newspaper. Leland uttered a little whoop of delight at sight of his old friend.

"Denny Cushing, by all that's great!" he cried as their hands met in a warm clasp. "Here I am wondering who will take pity and dine with me tonight. Would have considered myself lucky to get that addle pated Johnson boy, and here you are! Where did you drop from, eh?"

"Been motoring through the Berkshires—beastly dull, too. Just got in this morning. What are you doing in town in this broiling weather?"

"What am I doing in town? I say, Denny, you're a flattering sort of friend to have. I've just returned from a four months' stay in Porto Rico. Too late now to say you've missed me." He grinned good naturedly at Cushing's startled face.

"Porto Rico, Jack?" stammered Denny, reddening. "I had forgotten you went down. The fact is I've been all muddled up over some affairs of my own, and I won't beat about the bush, old man. I forgot there was anybody else in the world except myself."

"And the girl," added Leland coolly.

"What?" Denny sat up suddenly. "What do you mean, Jack?"

"Nudge! Forget it! Forget yourself and listen to my adventures in the land of the palm," ratified on Leland. "Had a lively time motoring around those country roads, but, as usual when your uncle goes out for a good time he usually has adventures and to spare." He leaned back in his chair and pulled out a cigar case.

"You'll dine with me?" he added.

"Thanks, with pleasure," said the other. "What about your adventures

"YOU LOOK UP A STEAMER FOR ME."

in Porto Rico, Jack?" He hesitated a moment and then added slowly, "You know I've been there."

"So I've heard you say," returned Jack, rather absentmindedly. He flung his half smoked cigar into the empty fireplace, lighted another one and leaned back in his chair.

"Ever been around Del Rosario?" he asked.

"Yes," said Denny shortly.

"Great scenery," went on Jack. "Some of those highways running up into the mountains are simply gorgeous for riding, but there's no use reeling off descriptions like a guide book, I suppose. You know the country and understand its fascinations for a chap who has never been down there. It was my first visit, and I enjoyed it. I started with a guide for the other side of the island, intending to take in the coffee plantations on my way and to roll along the military road.

"Well, I got off the road, turned down a rather fascinating byroad in spite of the protests of my guide, got mired in a bog and couldn't get the machine out again. I sent Manuel back to foot it ten miles to the last village we had left.

"I had three or four good hours to while away in that jungle, which did not seem so attractive now that I could not get out of it. After awhile I decided to walk along and amuse myself as best I could. I knew the machine was safe enough, for the native Porto Rican is too lazy to bother with anything so ponderous as an automobile. The road led up out of the bog into a fine open country, with here and there a coffee plantation.

"The first place I came to was set on a sloping hillside, and the coffee bushes ran up the hill to its very summit. The house was one of those low white dwellings with wide verandas and gay striped awnings, while the lawn was dotted with little summer houses and rose arbors. Over the front gate was a climbing rose, and swinging from the arch was a little board with the name of the plantation painted on it.

"This place attracted me because of its homelike air and also because I there saw the most beautiful girl in the world—the most beautiful girl in the world," repeated Jack Leland emphatically. "I thought I had seen lovely women; but, by Jove, Denny, she was—perfect. The southern type, you know, blue-black hair, dark, lustrous eyes fringed with long sweeping lashes, creamy skin, with a soft rose glow on the cheeks, and her mouth was simply indescribable. She was gowned in white and was leaning over the gate looking anxiously up the road when I came in view. She gave me one sweeping glance from those glorious eyes and then turned and disappeared up the path that led between tropical ferns to the house.

"Of course I couldn't stand there and stare at her retreating form—in fact, I hadn't even paused in my walk. But I'll confess I did turn my head to such effect that I walked plump into a donkey carriage driven by a very much exasperated old gentleman, who swore at me in good United States talk.

"'Why didn't you honk-honk, sir?' I asked him, and he replied hurtly, 'Does this beast look like the kind that honks, sir?' Just then the donkey let out a terrible heehaw, and we both laughed outright.

"'I notice you speak the language of the automobile, sir,' said this fine old gentleman, 'and you wear the insignia of the fraternity. The sight of your goggles and duster compels me to believe that there is a motorcar not far away.'

"'It is mired in yonder bog,' I explained, and I also told him of Manuel's journey back to the next village for assistance.

"'Humph!' snorted my new acquaintance. 'Lots of help he'll find in Del Rosario. I'll send some of my men down there. I've got three Americans on my plantation. They'll get you out in a jiffy.'

"I expressed my gratitude and exchanged cards with him and I found he was an American, also my elf. He had married a Spanish girl and had a large family growing up around him. I told him heaps of the States, and we discussed matters until once I saw the beautiful girl come down to the gate and look up the road. There was no doubt she was looking for my new acquaintance, for she waved her hand at him and came forward to . . . him.

"'Wait a moment, Mr. Leland,' he said. 'I want you to meet my daughter.'

"She came toward him, slender and graceful as a lily, and I congratulated myself on my good luck.

"I was invited into the house and pressed to stay for dinner. Afterward several of the men went down to the machine with me, and we pulled it out, much to the joy of poor Manuel, who returned all alone. I stopped that night at the house of my new friend, and the next day I persuaded him to accompany me on my tour.

"We had a splendid time, and the old gentleman seemed to enjoy himself wonderfully. Said he wouldn't be happy until he had a machine of his own. His daughters were delighted with the idea, and I came north with his check in my pocket to purchase a car large enough to hold a man and his wife and four daughters." Leland lighted another cigar and twirled the match thoughtfully between his fingers.

Denny Cushing muttered something inaudible and withdrew into the shadow of his chair. Outside were the continual roll of wheels on the asphalt of the avenue, the shrill whistle of the traffic squad at the corners and the distant music of a street piano playing from "Floradora."

Jack Leland hummed the words softly, beating time with his hand.

"Cut it out," growled Denny hoarsely, and Jack Leland stopped instantly.

"To make a long story short, I fell in love with the most beautiful of Mr. Provost's daughters, and I'm going back in October to marry her. Congratulate me, old man."

There was a dead silence after that. Denny Cushing's fingers tightly clutched the arms of his chair, and he did not lift his moody eyes to his friend's face.

"Mercedes had a sister who was quite pretty"—began Jack, when Denny leaped to his feet.

"Who had a sister?" he yelled.

"Mercedes Provost had a sister, Inez, who was quite pretty."

"Quite pretty!" roared Denny Cushing. "When you said she was the most beautiful, of course I thought you were speaking of Inez Provost." He looked pityingly at his friend, who was smiling.

"Inez had a lover in the states here. He was frightfully jealous of her, and when one day he saw her kissing her cousin, Simon Cadena, who was just home from a military school, this chump of an American quarreled with her, broke the engagement and ran away. Of course poor Inez is breaking her heart over the worthless scamp."

Denny Cushing grabbed Leland by the coat collar and rushed him through to the office. "You look up a steamer for me, that's a good fellow," he pleaded. "I'll run up to my rooms and throw some things together. I'll go on a scow if there's nothing better!" With sparkling eyes he started for the door.

"What's the name of the place you are going to, Denny?" asked Leland.

"Why, Paradise, of course," hurried Denny as he disappeared through the door.

"And that was the name painted on the gate," murmured Jack.

SAVAGES AND CLOTHES.

Carefulness That Was Not Appreciated by the Missionaries.

Ardent missionaries were trying to convert the natives of a village in unclad Africa to modesty as well as to Christianity and for that purpose provided them all with more or less complete outfits of cloth. The natives were delighted and spent several days simply in parading in civilized garb through the one narrow village street.

But when Sunday arrived and the blacks thronged to the weekly church service, carrying the new clothes in bundles under their arms, the missionaries were dismayed and feared some kind of barbaric outbreak. But since there seemed to be the usual mingling of curiosity and reverence on the part of the natives they decided to ask no questions until after the service. There was a normal quiet until just as the sermon was begun.

Then suddenly a huge chief, who had been squatting with his face toward the open doorway, leaped to his feet with an exclamation.

Immediately the others of the tribe did likewise, crying, "The sun—the sun!" unwrapped their bundles and proceeded to put on their clothes.

"What does it all mean?" inquired one of the white teachers.

The old chief turned to him with equal amazement. "Of course," said he, "we could not wear our beautiful ornaments when the rain might come and spoil them."—New York Tribune.

KILL OFF THE RATS.

It's a Mighty Big Job, but Black Death Looks on and Waits.

"The pneumonic plague is due to the bacillus. The antidote lives in the Lake Baikal region. Kill it off—and it can easily be killed off—and the pneumonic plague will disappear forever."

The speaker, a bacteriologist of the University of Pennsylvania, resumed:

"The bubonic plague is due to the rat. Kill the rat off and the bubonic plague will disappear. But to kill off the rat!"

He made a gesture of despair.

"A litter of rats," he said, "numbers thirteen. Of these six will be does. A doe rat will have her first litter at the age of three months and thereafter another litter every six weeks all through the year, winter and summer alike. Thus if every member of these litters survive the progeny of one pair of rats in a year would number 25,190."

"They don't number that, of course, but they number something like it, and if our millionaire philanthropists don't help us to exterminate our parasites—our rats and mice, our cats and dogs—if they don't help us to exterminate all animals save those that are of direct value to us—why, some day another black death will nearly, will perhaps completely, exterminate civilization."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Applied Science.

When James Russell Lowell was minister to England he was guest at a banquet at which one of the speakers was Sir Frederick Bramwell. Sir Frederick was to respond to the toast "Applied Science." It was long after midnight when the toast was proposed, and several speakers were still to be called. Rising in his place, the scientist said:

"At this hour of the night, or, rather, of the morning, my only interest in applied science is to apply the tip of the match to the side of the box upon which alone it ignites and to apply the flame so obtained to the wick of a bedroom candle."

A moment later Lowell tossed a paper across the table to him bearing these two lines:

Oh, brief Sir Frederick, would that all
Could cater
Your happy talent and supply your match!

Easy Enough.

Just before the capture of Savannah General Logan, with two or three of his staff, entered the depot at Chicago to take the cars east on his way to rejoin his command. The general, being a short distance in advance of the others, stepped on the steps of a car, but was stopped by an Irishman with:

"Ye can't go in there."

"Why not?" asked the general.

"Because them's a ladies' car, and no gentleman 'll be goin' in there without a lady. There's wan sate in that car over there if yees want it."

"Yes," replied the general, "I see there is one seat, but what shall I do with my staff?"

"Oh, yer staff!" was the reply. "Go take the sate and stick yer staff out of the windy."

Wasn't a Bit Impressed.

The chief of the clan of McIntosh once had a dispute with a London cabby over the fare.

"Do you know who I am?" the highlander asked angrily. "I am the McIntosh."

"I don't care if you are an umbrella," retorted the cabby. "I'll have my rights!"

In For It!

First Small Boy—We'd better be good. Second Small Boy—Why? First Small Boy—I heard doctor tell mother to take plenty of exercise.—Woman's Home Companion.

Electric Light Globes.

Electric light globes may be cheaply frosted or colored by dipping in a thin solution of white shellac and alcohol, to which may be added any desired dye.

The Whole Show.

"What constitutes a first class society drama?"

"Three acts, six gowns and nine epigrams."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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The Collector's Wife

She Was a Very Quiet Body, but Had a Head on Her Shoulders.

By ELINOR STEWART CATON

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News came that cholera had overstepped the boundary between Asia and Europe and had gained a foothold in Italy. Orders were issued to the medical officers along the American coast to quarantine every ship arriving from Mediterranean ports and to permit no sick person to enter the country without submitting the patient to a thorough test for the dreaded disease.

One autumn day, when a storm was sweeping the coast of New Hampshire, Jeremiah Whipple, newly appointed collector of a little port of New Hampshire, opened the window of his bedroom to more clearly examine a vessel that had just cast anchor in the harbor. She was a small steamer, and at her peak was the United States flag, upside down, which Whipple knew to be a signal of distress. Taking up a spyglass, he brought it to bear on the vessel and saw a group of persons standing amidships uncovered.

Then suddenly the group scattered, several of them going to a boat that hung on its davits, lowering it and manning it. The next move was the lowering of an oblong box into the boat, where it was reverently received by the crew. Lastly, a man, evidently an officer, took his place in the stern of the boat, grasped the tiller ropes, and the boat moved away from the ship.

"Patience," said the collector to his wife, "I guess they's got the cholera on board that vessel. They's put up a distress signal, and there, too, goes up a yellow sick flag."

"You're not going to let any of 'em land, be you?" asked the wife, blanching.

"Not till a medical officer comes. They were to send one today."

The boat pointed straight for the shore, at one moment its bow shooting up toward the sky, the next diving down toward the bottom of the bay. When it came within half a mile of the shore, Whipple, armed with his badge of authority, went down to the dock to warn them to keep off. He had never before been in a position of trust, and he felt that the keeping out of an epidemic which might sweep away thousands of his countrymen rested upon his shoulders. As soon as the party came within hearing he shouted:

"You can't land here!"

A tall, thin man rose in the bow of the boat, took out a handkerchief, wiped his eyes and said:

"We do not desire to remain ashore longer than to carry the body contained in this box. My wife was taken down with cholera six days out of Naples. Fearing that she would die, she exacted from me a promise that I would not permit her to be buried at sea. Both the officers and crew of the ship have respected her wish, and I now beg that you will permit me to inter the remains here on the shore."

Even if the collector had been more familiar with the duties of his office it is questionable if he would have felt any certainty with regard to the disposition of this case. He felt a dread of cholera and was anxious to get rid of the party as soon as possible. There could be no violation, so far as he could see, in either the revenue or quarantine laws. The party need not be searched since none of them asked to be permitted to remain ashore. It was possible that if allowed to land they might make a break for the interior, but this in the case of a burial party was not to be considered.

"I guess you can bury it up on that little knoll there," said Jeremiah. "If you'll be quick about it."

The thin man wept tears of thankfulness at the permission, the party brought the box ashore and, bearing it to the designated spot, dug a grave. Then, all standing uncovered, it was lowered to its last resting place, after which the party filed back to the dock, where the mourner again tearfully thanked the collector for his kindness and, waving a last farewell to the grave on the knoll, was pulled away to the ship.

During the scene Patience Whipple was looking out of the window watching the landing, the burial and the departure of the party. When Jeremiah returned to the house he sat down before the fire, feeling a sad comfort in having permitted a fellow being to carry out a promise to his dying wife. Patience was doing her morning duties and made no comment on what had passed. Then Jeremiah went to a little custom house on the dock, where he sat reading a newspaper, for once few, if any, goods ever came into the port he had no great weight on his shoulders. When he returned to his home for the noon meal his wife said to him:

"Jerry, if these men had been smugglers and had run away from the coast with diamonds in their pockets and the government found it out, what could they do with you?"

"Give me the grand bounce."

And what would they do with you an' you'd let in the cholera?"

It would 'a' been the same grand bounce."

You took a risk out o' the kindness of your heart, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"With nothin' to gain and all to lose."

"Yes."

"But suppose you'd 'a' caught 'em with something valuable on 'em."

"The goods would have been confiscated by the government."

"And you wouldn't get any of it?"

"No."

"That's a kind of a heads I lose, tails you win business, isn't it?"

"Mebbe so."

That night Patience Whipple said that little Billy seemed croupy and she would sleep with him in a room by themselves, while the father slept in the room with the little girl. Jeremiah awoke in the morning, evidently feeling very comfortable.

"Wife," he said, "how good it makes a man feel to do a kind act. I went to sleep last night thinkin' o' that poor feller that I let bury his wife, and I was thankful that I'd taken the risk and given him the satisfaction o' keepin' his promise."

"You surely took a big risk, Jerry," replied the wife with a yawn.

"Didn't you sleep well last night?" he asked.

"Not very. Billy was breathin' hard and coughin' all night."

"Sorry," remarked the husband sympathetically.

After breakfast, when Jerry went down to his office, he noticed some loose earth on the knoll where the burial had taken place the day before. He went up there and discovered that the grave was open to its very bottom and the box had been removed. Turning to the harbor, he discovered that the ship which had been anchored there the evening before had also departed. He went in to his wife and said excitedly:

"By gum, Patience, those fellows were smugglers!"

"What makes you think so?" asked the wife.

"The grave has been robbed. It was a trick. Like enough the box had no corpse in it, but was full of dutiable goods. Some confederate has taken it our."

"Well," said Patience, wiping a dish, "mebby after you've been a collector for a spell you won't get taken in so easy."

"Nobody but you and me knows anything about it," rejoined Jerry thoughtfully. "I must go right out and fill up the grave. I wouldn't have the secret get out for a thousand dollars."

Taking a shovel, he went out to the knoll, glanced about to see if any one was looking and, feeling satisfied that he was not observed, filled up the hole.

"By gum," he said to himself as he walked back to his house, "that was the slickest trick I ever heard of. I wonder Patience didn't get on to it. She is generally pretty wide awake, but this time they caught her napping as well as me."

"Patience," he said, "I wish we'd 'a' got on to those fellers. I might 'a' got some promotion."

"I guess that's all you'd 'a' got. You wouldn't 'a' got any of the goods."

Whipple looked more disturbed over the matter than his wife. His salary as collector was intinitely small, and there was not much comfort for him in life, his wife having a hard time to clothe and educate the children and make ends meet. Besides, the government might be informed of what had been done and he would lose his position. On the whole, he was as much depressed over the result as he had been elated at having done a good action.

One day Patience told her husband that she must go to a neighboring city to visit a dentist. He groaned, not knowing where the necessary funds were to come from. But Patience kissed him goodby cheerily and took her departure, leaving him to take care of the children for a whole day.

The next morning Whipple received a document with the United States treasury department's official stamp, dismissing him from his office.

"I knew it!" he moaned. "Somebody saw the whole thing and reported it."

His wife sat down on his lap and put her arms around his neck.

"I reported it, Jerry."

"You?"

"Yes."

"I saw through that sniveling mourner at once. He overdid his cryin'. As soon as you were in bed that night I went out with a spade and dug up the box. It was so light that I knew it didn't contain a body. I carried it to the old boathouse and hid it up in one of the rottin' boats. The next day I went and opened it and found it full of laces and jewels. I wrote a letter to the government under an assumed name, tellin' them that I knew where smuggled goods were hidden and would tell them if they would give me half. They agreed, and I met them yesterday and took them to the goods. They valued them at over $80,000 and offered me $30,000 down to settle. I took it, and here's the check."

She held a United States treasury check before his astonished eyes. When he had recovered something of his equanimity, Patience continued:

"Two things would show that the goods had been smuggled in past you—the place where they were hidden and my real name, which must be disclosed. But before I gave either I secured a promise that nothin' more than dismissal should be visited on you. I, not bein' the collector, could sell the secret to whom I pleased or keep the goods, as I liked. They acknowledged that they had no case against me and didn't know who I was until all was settled."

"By gum, Patience, you're a brick!"

Mr. Whipple, having capital, went to the city, became a politician and is now collector of a large port. He has eliminated all trickery among smugglers in his department. But it is understood that credit for this happy state of affairs is due to his wife.

A Sham Love Fight

In Which the Lady Holds Her Own to the Last

By F. A. Mitchel

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"Marcella," said Major Harrington, rising, "I shall never give it up."

"Major," replied the young lady, "you are wasting your time and opportunities. You are getting on in life—you must have turned thirty—and if you expect to marry it is time you were making up to some nice girl who will be disposed to look favorably on your suit."

"I am making up to a very nice girl, a girl who will eventually look favorably on my suit."

"If you refer to me, I must tell you again that you are mistaken."

"It shall be my part to convince you that it is you who are mistaken."

"Enough of this war of words. Good night."

"Tomorrow there is to be a sham battle. Are you to be on the field?"

"I am to join the staff of the general of the blue."

"Indeed, that's quite an honor. General Snigson is not given to inviting women to participate with him in army maneuvers."

"Goodby. I would advise you to try a certain young lady whose father wears an eagle on his shoulder."

"Thank you. I shall stick to the young lady who—as they say in the French exercises—is temporary aid to the general of the blue."

This kind of skirmishing had been going on for weeks between Marcella Laraway and Major Harrington. The major's attentions had been the talk of the garrison for the reason that Miss Laraway had "turned down" officers of higher rank and in some cases more ample fortune. It was expected that Harrington would join the innumerable caravan the lady was sending into the desert never to return.

Notwithstanding the bold face the mayor had put on the matter while in the presence of Miss Laraway, he no sooner left her than he became as limp as a wet rag. He went to his quarters, threw himself into an easy chair, lit a pipe and gave himself over to a reverie which was anything but hopeful. The adage "Faint heart never won fair lady" seemed to him a mockery. On this occasion he felt more depressed than usual. It was a matter of common talk in the garrison that General Snigson was eager to marry again, and recently he had shown attentions to Miss Laraway. His having invited her to join his staff in the sham battle was especially noticeable, for he was known to deprecate the presence of women in the line of duty. Moreover, Harrington believed that Miss Laraway would prefer to be Mrs. General to being Mrs. Major.

"WHO'S THE DEAD MAN?"

There are twin worlds at army posts in time of peace—the military world and the social world. When officers and officers' wives, sisters, cousins and guests saw Marcella Laraway in a blue habit covered with gold lace and an officer's cap on her head riding in the staff of the general of the blue they took more interest in the matter than in the result of the sham battle. The word passed from mouth to mouth, some saying that the general had got Miss Laraway, others that Miss Laraway had got the general. Some exclaimed, "Good match!" others, "Why, he's old enough to be her father!" Notwithstanding these differences of opinion, all agreed that the fact of Miss Laraway's presence on the general's staff looked very like a preliminary move to an announcement of an engagement.

And now comes one of those incidents, contretemps, coincidences—call them what you will—that so often have thrust themselves into battles and turned the scale to one side or the other. An aid-de-camp galloped up to Major Harrington and, saluting, said:

"Major Harrington, the judges have decided that this position is untenable and that it is too late for you to retreat. You are enfiladed by artillery and a charge has been made that has annihilated your battalion. Consider yourself out of the fight."

The aid galloped away, and the major gave the order to stack arms and break ranks. Then, sheathing his sword, he dismounted, gave his horse to an orderly, and, going to a tree, lay down on his back in the shade. The flies tickled his nose so he covered his face with his handkerchief. One of his captains remarked that he looked as if he had been killed practically as well as theoretically.

How long the major lay there he didn't know, for he went to sleep. He was awakened by the thud of horses' hoofs on the turf and was about to arise and salute some general who was doubtless riding by with his staff when he heard a voice that he recognized as that of the general of the blue:

"Who's the dead man?"

"Major Harrington."

A shriek!

Harrington took in the situation at once. The shriek had come from General Snigson's aid, Miss Laraway. Instead of rising and saluting he thought it would be less embarrassing for Marcella if he lay still. Besides, he wished to hear the rest.

"He isn't dead, Miss Laraway, any more than the rest of his command. They're all theoretically killed."

This was said by the chief of staff. The general had colored and turned away. All that Harrington heard after that was the tread of horses' hoofs as the party rode away.

"Hum!" he exclaimed to himself. "Methinks that other fight in which I am more interested than this one is decided, defeat being turned to victory for my own long suffering self. If she can avert disaster in consequence of this panic she'll do better than I think she can."

Harrington sat up and looked about him. Some distance away were the general of the blue and his staff. Near by the officers of the battalion were standing in a group. They were evidently waiting for him to awake from his slumber, and from the expression of their faces they had evidently heard the cry Miss Laraway had raised at being informed that the stiff and stark body lying on its back, the face covered with a handkerchief, was their major. A second lieutenant was rash enough to laugh and was about to say something intended to be funny, but Harrington managed to forestall him with a reproof for a trumped up error in the line of duty during the fight that shut him up.

Then came the signal for the troops to march to quarters. Harrington got his battalion under arms and in ten minutes was marching past the line of houses within the garrison inclosure where lived the officers and their families. On the porches were the women of the post, and as the major passed he perceived that every eye was fixed upon him and every pair of lips wore a smile. He looked for Miss Laraway and saw her standing surrounded by a group of women. But before he came abreast of the porch on which she stood she had broken away from those about her and gone into the house.

The same evening Harrington called upon Miss Laraway. She came down with a hot pair of cheeks and clear eye, defiant even at the moment of irretrievable defeat.

"Marcella," began the major, "I told you yesterday when I left you"—

"Yes, yes," she interrupted, "you told me. I suppose you have come to tell me again."

"This time I have come to arrange with you some plan by which you may appear in a proper position before this garrison."

"I care nothing for the opinion of the garrison."

"I do. I do not care to have my brother officers, their wives and others who have witnessed my attentions to you blame me for having won the heart of a simple, innocent"—

"Oh, go on with what you're trying to say."

"I don't care to have them think that I have been trifling with you."

"Don't trouble yourself about that. I can take care of my heart, and they all know it."

"But you must admit that the incident which occurred today has lost you the star of a brigadier general."

"What do I care for"— She stopped and bit her lip.

"Marcella, you have today placed us both in a position from which there is but one exit. One topic is being talked of tonight in the 'married quarters' and at the officers' mess. You know very well what that subject is. Yesterday it was supposed that the invitation you received to take part in the maneuvers as General Snigson's aid meant the early announcement of your engagement with him."

"It did not."

"Never mind whether it did or did not, the garrison so considered it. General Snigson is now lost to you. Suppose that I leave you in the lurch—where will you stand?"

She turned away with a shrug.

"There is one way, and only one, to save us both," he added.

"What's that?"

"For me to announce our engagement."

"You? Why you?"

"Under the circumstances I am the proper person to do so."

"You needn't trouble yourself."

He looked at her for a few moments and, seeing no sign of relenting, concluded to be satisfied for the present with the position he occupied, rest on his arms and later advance to take possession of the enemy's defenses. Bidding her good night, he strolled over to his quarters. He found them occupied by a dozen or more of his brother officers. Every man advanced with outstretched hand and congratulated him on his engagement.

"Who said I am engaged?" he asked, surprised.

"Oh, you're behind the times. The lady gave it out as soon as the maneuvers were over."

Ancient Rome's Libraries.

The libraries of ancient Rome were immense and splendid. Lucullus, whose name is associated with table luxuries, expended much of his wealth on books. His library, says Plutarch, had "walks, galleries and cabinets open to all visitors." Julius Cæsar proposed to open this library definitely to the public.

How were these vast libraries, in addition to the book shops, filled? With his trained staff of readers and transcribers, a publisher could turn out an edition of any work at very cheap rates, and almost at a moment's notice. There was no initial expense of typesetting before a single copy could be produced, no ruinous extras in the shape of printers' corrections. The manuscript came from the author; the publisher handed it over to his slaves, and if a book of modest dimensions, the complete edition could be ready, if necessary, within twenty-four hours. Actually, then, books were produced and sold more easily and quickly in ancient Rome than they are in modern London.—T. P.'s London Weekly.

The "Iliad" Not a Myth.

The fall of Troy after a ten year siege by the Grecian princes about 1184 B. C. has long been considered as a rather mythical foundation for Homer's immortal epic, the "Iliad." But in 1870 the excavations of Schliemann on the reputed site of Troy brought to light under the ashes of two superincumbent fortress cities the remains answering to the descriptions of Homer and a hidden vault containing goblets, bowls, vases, gems, jewels, armes de luxe and like articles in gold, silver and bronze. These treasures are now generally acknowledged to be the veritable remnants of the once vast riches of Priam, which, although depleted by ten years of costly warfare in the purchase of supplies and mercenaries and the final sack of the ruined city, were thus preserved to enrich the museums of Europe and greatly increase our realization of the wealth and art of that ancient Ilium, which we have hitherto been disposed to consider a poet's dream.—Charles Winslow Hall in National Magazine.

Dickens' Literary Gains.

The papers have often printed a great deal of pure nonsense on the subject of Dickens' literary gains. Dickens is stated to have died leaving "nothing that often occurs to a respectable solicitor." This is rubbish. Dickens left £93,000 in round figures, and this did not include a considerable sum of money that he had settled some years before his death. His readings (1858-70) had brought in about £30,000. It is forgotten that Dickens began life without one penny and that every farthing he spent or gave away or left was earned by himself, only excepting £2,000 which was bequeathed to him by a friend about two years before his own death. Dickens lived liberally (some people said extravagantly) for about thirty-four years, he brought up and settled in life a large and very expensive family, and he gave away a great deal of money to needy relatives.—London Truth.

Antiquity of the Senate.

The senate is almost one month older than the lower house, or house of representatives, as it is called in our country and time. In the remote time, while as yet there was no such thing as a science of government, the tribe was wont to look to its old men, on account of their wisdom and experience, for advice in all matters pertaining to the tribe, and those old men were the first senators. The word senator comes from "senis," meaning old. As civilization advanced and settled government became a fact the senate continued to be composed of the old men, and when by and by the second chamber, or council, was added the senate continued to receive the larger measure of reverence and respect.—New York American.

Crow Quills Make the Best Pens.

A quill penmaker says that no pen will do as fine writing as the crow quill. It requires the assistance of a microscope to make a proper pen out of such a quill, but when made it is of wonderful delicacy. The microscopic writing told of in books of literary curiosities was all done with a crow quill. The steel pens of the present have very fine points, but somehow a finer point can be given to a quill than has ever been put on a steel pen, and for delicacy nothing can equal it.

Mutual Forbearance.

"You and your wife seem to get along nicely."

"Fairly well. We had an understanding from the start. I wasn't to expect a dollar to buy more than a dollar's worth of goods, and she wasn't to tell me about the fine men she might have married."—Washington Herald.

No Spooning.

"Tell me that I may hope," he pleaded.

"All right," she replied, "hope on, but don't ask me to feed your hope with a spoon."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Considerate Revolutionists.

The wildest and most ferocious revolutionaries I have known have often been in private life merciful, tender, unselfish, considerate.—T. P. O'Connor in London T. P.'s Weekly.

Warned.

He—Darling, I don't know what to say to your father. She—Just say, "Mr. Munn, I wish to marry your daughter," then dodge.

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Main Street, Smethport, Pa.,
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES SWEENEY, Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This Hotel has recently been refitted and refurnished. The food and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

C. J. Vanblad
Practical Horseshoer,
We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of
HORSESHOEING
and
BLACKSMITHING
in a satisfactory manner.

Ladies! Save Money and Keep in Style by Reading McCall's Magazine and Using McCall Patterns

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THE McCALL COMPANY, 239 to 249 West 37th St., NEW YORK

And They Play Every Night.

"So Bronson doesn't play on your ball team any more?" "No; he's married, settled down and the father of twins." "I see, he has a brawl team of his own."

WHY LONGER KEEP MOTHER IN THE SHADOW?

A monument is to be dedicated to a "great man." The great man will undoubtedly set in bronze on horseback—set up where the world may look at him, the sparrows and small boys wonder at him during that little period of time which we are accustomed to call "forever."

The man in bronze sits stiff upon his bronze horse while his body crumbles in some graveyard. The man who made the statue bows and smiles, and feels proud. The man born to talk well, makes a great speech of praise. Some other man, governor or mayor, beams officially. But who is the small, old, thin, unimportant-looking woman, almost out of sight? That is the mother of the man in bronze. She is the woman who held that bronze hero in her arms when he was nothing but a little eight or ten pound lump of helplessness. She is the woman who gave the hero his life, his character, his brain, his training and his ideals. That woman, the mother, made that man's brain and shaped it afterward. Her caresses, her kindness, her example and her words reached that childish mind during the early years from the hour of birth until the end of boyhood. Years during which the man is marred or made irrevocably.

And what does the crowd present know of the woman, the mother, the real creator, as it looked upon the monument? No one knows who she is nor where she came from nor what her name is; it is sunk, obliterated in the name of her husband and son. No one asks how she bore the battle of life that she might give a great man to humanity.

The child in school is taught to venerate the hero who for his courage in a battle where he was watched, where he was applauded, where he knew that reward was great and sure. But who knows or cares anything about the courage of the mother in her battle, where the only reward is the satisfaction of doing her duty, unobserved, as millions of women do their duty every year. Who knows or cares anything about the world's great mothers. Human ingenuity exhausts itself in suggesting new rewards and honors for the men of achievements. Where are the monuments, where are the rewards for the mothers who gave us the men.

At this season of the year we all hear the name of Abraham Lincoln. A thousand pictures come into your mind upon the mere mention of the name. You see the boy, studying by the light of the wood fire. You see the worn, earnest face of the grown man. You see the courage, the patience and the martyr's death. That homely, grave, beautiful face is as clear in your mind as though the great simple man sat before you. But do you know anything about his mother? Has the world thought anything about her? Mention the name of Nancy Hanks to a hundred men at random. Twenty-five of them will not know of whom you are talking. Fifty will think you are referring to a famous race horse, and will tell you of the trotting mare's record. The others perhaps will know that you are mentioning the name of the great woman who gave Abraham Lincoln to the United States. That woman saved this country just as surely as Michael Jones built St. Peter's at Rome. They were both instrumental to two great mothers, the architects of the world's progress, the real creators the real geniuses, the real benefactors of the human race. How long will the world continue this great injustice? How long will the mother stand unseen in the shadow of her great son's monument?

Think of a man who in your estimation is the greatest that ever lived and who has left you his work, and then think of him at his birth, helpless in the arms of his mother. As you see him there you know how absolutely helpless he is and depending upon that mother. For every monument to a great man there should be a companion to his mother and the mother's monument should be built first, for great mothers are the world's greatest treasures.

Should not this country be first to honor the women who have made it? Should it not at least now give to the mothers of the country a share in their government, the right to vote, the right that is given to the vilest man? Or are the men of America, as elsewhere, forever to play the part of egotistical ingrates, forgetting or ignoring the power and love that gave them life.—Andover News.

MAY BEETLE OR JUNE BUG AND WHITE GRUB.

One of the most common insects in Pennsylvania is the white grub or grub worm, so familiar to tillers of the soil. This transforms into a large, rounded, dark brown beetle known as the May Beetle or June Bug. In the grub stage it lives under the ground, feeding on the roots of plants; in the mature stage it feeds by night on the leaves of various trees, bushes and shrubs.

A Dauphin county farmer sent specimens to Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist of the State Department of Agriculture, at Harrisburg, saying, "they are eating the leaves off the trees, which are swarming full of them. They attack plum, cherry, quince, grape, peach and English walnut. If I am not quickly informed how to get rid of them, they will soon clean up my orchard."

Dr. Surface replied immediately as follows:

"The beetle which you sent to us, eating the leaves in your orchard, is the June Bug or May Beetle. The best thing to do is to spray with one ounce of arsenate of lead in each gallon of water. The great trouble of it is that even this treatment does not kill them until after they have eaten more or less of the leaves; but you may be sure the same beetles will not come again the next night.

"Where you have but a few plants to protect, this can effectively be done by covering them with mosquito netting, but, of course, this is out of the question for many. These beetles are the mature or adult forms of the large white grubs that you often see in plowing sod. In this stage they are called "grub worms." They are often quite conspicuous and injurious to lawns, and are to be killed in the larval stage by putting holes in the ground and putting into each of these a half ounce of carbon bisulfide, and closing them with earth. A physician in this city cleaned up his lawn by this method after it was badly infested by these pests. Fall plowing and rotation of crops is one of the best practical means of reducing their numbers."

CARRIE NATION DEAD.

Noted Kansas Woman Died of Paresis in a Leavenworth Hospital.

Carrie Nation died in a sanatarium in Leavenworth, Kans., last Friday night of paresis, from which she had suffered for some time.

Mrs. Nation became a national figure in 1901 when she threw a hatchet across the bar of the Senate saloon in Topeka, Kansas, and smashing the plate glass mirror. Before that time she was known merely as an advocate of temperance to a few Kansas people.

But the hatchet throwing episode plunged her into newspaper fame. She liked the notoriety her act brought her and decided to repeat the performance in other towns. It wasn't long before the name of Carrie Nation was a household word in this country and even the foreign press became greatly interested in such a remarkable display of feminine aggressiveness.

Carrie (Moore) Nation was born near Versailles, Ky., nearly 65 years ago. In 1875 she was married to a Dr. Lloyd, with whom she lived for one year at Holden, Mo., when he died of delirium tremens. After ten years of widowhood she married David Nation. For a time the couple lived a Warrensburg, Mo., where Nation was the editor of a newspaper. They removed to Richmond, Texas, but politics there became too turbulent for Nation and they removed to Medicine Lodge, Kansas.

Mrs. Nation's married life, with Lloyd and Nation, proved unhappy, the latter alliance culminating in her husband's finally divorcing Mrs. Nation. It was this fact, coupled with an inherent dislike of the saloon that led Mrs. Nation to adopt her temperance crusades as a means of employing her time and energy. Mrs. Nation is said to have accumulated a fortune of $200,000 during her crusades.

Funeral services were held over her remains on Monday, a large number of friends attending. Burial took place at Belton Ave., on Tuesday when she was laid at rest beside her parents.

Notice to Contractors.

Notice is hereby given that the Supervisors of Lafayette Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, will receive sealed bids for opening, making and gravelling a road, beginning at the center of the road leading from Westline to the Kane and Lafayette road at a point North 0 degrees, 30 minutes East, 186 feet from where the east side, produced, of R. Dewey's house intersects the center of said road, and ending at the junction of the road from Kane to Lafayette, in accordance with report of viewers filed in the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Dec. 12, 1910, and approved and confirmed by said Court. Bids must be in the hands of Wm. Doyle of Marshburg, Pa., secretary of said Supervisors, on or before 8 p. m., June 20, 1911.

Said bids will be opened and the contract let at Mt. Alton, McKean County, Pennsylvania, on Saturday, July 1st, 1911.

Said supervisors reserve the right to reject any or all bids. A full description of said road may be obtained from said Wm. Doyle, Secretary. The successful bidder must furnish bond as may be required by said Supervisors.

WM. DOYLE, Secretary,
Marshburg, Pa.
Dated June 1st, 1911. Jun8-4t

For Sale or Rent.

My house on South street, this borough. Inquire of
May18-tf E. M. CHEESEMAN.

Wanted.

To buy a good gentle driving horse for an aged lady. Inquire of
MRS. CAROLINE WASHBURN,
1t-pd Smethport, Pa.

For Sale.

Two rugs and two stoves. For particulars inquire of
May25-tf J. W. LEE.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

Handy With the Whip.

Teamsters are prouder of their skill with the whip than of anything else in the world. A group of teamsters were talking one night.

"Out on the plains," said one young fellow, "I used to cut down a steer with my whip, skin him and divide up his carcass."

A red headed fellow said his uncle could take two whips and write the Lord's Prayer on the bark of a birch with the left hand one, at the same time playing operatic selections with the other on a tin ear at seven paces.

"That's pretty good work," said a veteran, "but my old father used to draw corks with every flick of the lash."

Then a cross eyed stranger spoke up.

"Gents," he said, "I know there's men can even hair cut and shave ye with a whip—I know it, for I've seen it done—but the only man that ever found the whip real lucrative was Tom Fallon, from Sag Harbor. Tom with his whip made a real nice little pile."

"How so?" the red headed man asked.

"Pickin' pockets," said the stranger.—Los Angeles Times.

A Phillips Brooks Story.

In the Christian Endeavor World the Rev. Francis E. Clark writes of his attending Andover Theological seminary with John Cotton Brooks, brother of the famous Massachusetts bishop and rector, the Rev. Phillips Brooks. The writer says:

I recall one repartee which John Brooks ascribed to his brother Phillips A famous but sensational Boston preacher, who soon afterward fell from his high estate, being a great sportsman and decidedly "horsy," had written a much advertised book entitled "The Perfect Horse." "Yes," said Phillips Brooks, "The Perfect Horse, by the perfect ass." This was the only sentiment bordering on ill nature that I ever heard attributed to this most genial and kind hearted of men, and this could easily be forgiven when one remembers the skyrocket preacher of whom it was said.

The Earliest Cold Storage.

In Macaulay's essay on "Lord Bacon" he points out that in 1626 the subject of his memoir tried the experiment of stuffing a fowl with snow to prevent it from putrefying and in carrying out the work caught cold, from which he died. Macaulay adds: "In the last letter that he ever wrote, with fingers which, as he said, could not steadily hold a pen, he did not omit to mention that the experiment of the snow had succeeded excellently well." If, however, we turn to nature there are instances in Siberia of mammoths preserved in ice so that their flesh is still eatable from a period probably coeval with the first appearance of man on this globe. If the Romans brought to their banquets the dainties of the known world, had they not some knowledge of cold storage?—E. H. Hill in London Spectator.

The Misuse of Vinegar.

Dr. Mansell Moullin, M. A., writing in the London Lancet on the causes of gastric ulcer, mentions vinegar as one cause. "In many of these instances, especially those which occur in young women, the effect of this chronic septic poisoning is intensified by the habit so many of them have of swallowing quantities of vinegar. Information with regard to this is very difficult to obtain and is never volunteered. It has to be drawn out bit by bit, but I have met with many instances in which a pint a day has been consumed and a few in which the quantity was occasionally much larger. The effect is probably greater because it is often taken between meals on an empty stomach under the curious impression that it will improve the complexion."

A Bit Thick.

Parisians drink scarcely any water other than mineral water. The Seine water has a shocking reputation.

John Raphael, Paris correspondent for several London papers, said that one afternoon a pretty actress met her doctor at a dress rehearsal in a boulevard theater.

"Look here," she said, "I am quite sure that all this mineral water I drink, since you have forbidden wine, is dreadfully bad for me. I want your permission to drink filtered Seine water now."

"Very well," replied the doctor, "if you insist. But, mind, you must chew it well."

Could, but Would He?

"I have called," said the young man, "to ask for your daughter's hand in marriage."

"Can you support her in the style she has been accustomed to?"

"Yes," answered the young man.

"But will you?" demanded her father, who was already supporting two son-in-law.—Detroit Free Press.

First Flying Ambulances.

A valued servant and friend of the great Napoleon, Dominique Larrey first established that system of "flying ambulances," which carried the wounded to the rear almost as soon as disabled. The staff numbered about 340 men with four heavy and twelve light two and four wheeled ambulances to each division. Napoleon reviewed this arm of the service with the greatest interest and once exclaimed to Larrey: "Your work is one of the most important conceptions of our age. It will suffice for your reputation." For the Egyptian campaign Larrey secured the services of 800 qualified surgeons in addition to the regular force. At Alexandria General Figulieres was severely wounded, and on his recovery wished to present Napoleon with a splendid Damascus saber. "Yes," said the emperor, "I accept in order to give it the surgeon in chief, by whose exertions your life has been spared." This saber, engraved with the words "Aboukir" and "Larrey," was taken from the great surgeon by the Prussians at Waterloo.—Charles Winslow Hall in National Magazine.

The Horrors of Thirst.

In the oasis of Mogara, says L. Dow Covington in the Wide World Magazine, we had a first experience of the desert traveler's great enemy—thirst. We were seated in front of a Bedouin chief's tent, our two baby camels enjoying their first drink of water since they had left Cairo, when, from across a sand dune, a Bedouin came staggering and tottering toward us. His eyes were bloodshot, his lips twice their natural size, while his tongue, blue and dry, hung out of his mouth. Evidently he had lost himself, had wandered around for days in search of water and had stumbled upon the oasis in the very nick of time. To allow him to drink would have been his death. In spite of his frantic struggles, he was held by four men, while a fifth allowed a few drops of water to trickle down his throat. It was as though he were a redhot boiler which would have to be allowed to cool off before being filled if an accident was to be avoided.

Objected to Publicity.

Old Brother Brown had been approached several times by the colored deacons of his church and asked to pay his church dues. He had promised to "pay up" just as soon as he sold a calf which he owned. Several months later he sold the calf. The next Sunday morning at service the congregation sang the old familiar hymn:

The half has never been told
Of life so full and free.

Brother Brown, somewhat deaf and conscious of his failure to pay his dues, understood the words to be:

The calf has never been sold.
But when it's sold he'll pay.

When the hymn was finished the old colored man, very indignant, arose and said:

"Bredren and sistahs, I has sold dat cal'f and lich's yo' ten dollahs! But I didn't ca' about de whole chu'ch singin' about it."—National Monthly.

A Costly Tuft of Feathers.

On the apex of the crown worn by the Prince of Wales on special occasions is a curious feather or, rather, tuft of feathers, the top of which is adorned with a gold thread. The value of this feather is estimated at $50,000, and it has the distinction of being the only one of its kind in human possession. Twenty years passed after the first hunter set out to procure the feather before it was attained, and during that period more than a dozen hunters had lost their lives in the quest. The costly tuft is of periwak feathers, and the extraordinary danger incurred in procuring it was due to the fact that the periwak, for some unknown reason, is to be found only in dense jungles in which tigers make their lair.—Chicago Tribune.

Turning the Turtle

Turtle hunting is not without excitement. The method of capture consists of the simple act of turning the turtle on its back. Once in this position it is quite helpless. Its only defense is to cover its captor with sand thrown up by the powerful front legs or flippers. These are brought into action in an instant, and woe betide the captor who has his eyes and mouth open at the moment, for the sand is hurled with great force. When turned over the captive is dragged up the beach to above high water mark, and this is no easy task, for it weighs about four hundredweight.

Premeditated.

"And why do you claim that it was with malice aforethought that the automobile defendant ran down the complainant?"

"On the morning it happened, your honor, I heard him say that he was going to take out his new auto and see if he could not run across a few people he knew."—Houston Post.

A Giddy Girl.

"Is your daughter of a practical turn of mind?"

"No; she is very frivolous. Wants to take cooking lessons instead of perfecting her game of bridge."—Exchange.

His Honest Face.

"Anyway, he has an honest face."

"Honest? You surprise me."

"Yes; it's the only honest thing about him. It shows how dishonest he really is."—Life.

Not Misplaced.

Backer—You got trimmed bad. I thought you said you were confident of the result. Pugilist—I was. I knew I'd get licked!—Puck.

Under the Rose.

The rose used to be considered a symbol of silence; hence the expression sub rosa (under the rose)—that is to say, "keep silent."

Acetylene.

Acetylene was discovered in 1862. It is sometimes called ethine.

Gunpowder and Steam.

A cubic foot of water under seventy pounds pressure and heated to the temperature of steam at that pressure contains as much energy as a pound of gunpowder.

Privateers.

A privateer is a ship belonging to private parties, but sailing with a license (termed a letter of marque) granted by a government in time of war to seize, plunder and destroy the ships of the enemy.

Eve's Tomb.

The Arabs claim that Eve's tomb is at Jiddath, the seaport of Mecca. The temple there, which has a palm growing out of the solid stone, is supposed to be the last resting place of the first woman.

Bury In Caves.

In Russia many of the peasantry still bury their dead in grottoes and caves, just as their princes and noblemen were accustomed to do centuries ago.

Cast Iron.

Alternately heating and cooling cast iron will increase its volume.

Stage Costumes.

In Austria a heavy fine is imposed upon any actor who wears a military or ecclesiastical costume on the stage. In Germany such costumes may be worn, but the actors will find themselves in a serious situation if they are not absolutely correct down to the last loop and button.

The Raisin.

Containing but 15 per cent of moisture and the balance almost wholly carbohydrates, the raisin is on a par with the date and fig as an energy producer.

Coffee.

Many housewives buy coffee in the green state and roast it at home. Such coffee should be carefully washed before roasting. In fact, it is a good plan if coffee is purchased already roasted to wash it before grinding.

Chinese Lacquer.

The manufacture of the lacquer ware known to the Chinese as the "No. 1 Fuchau lacquer" can hardly be called an art. It is rather a craft, the result of infinite labor and patience, since the laying on of the coat of color requires no more skill than the simplest form of painting.

Brain Weights.

The brain of the average Scotchman is said to weigh 50 ounces; of the German, 49.6; of the English, 49.5; of the French, 47.6; of the Chinese, 47.2; of the Eskimos, 43.9.

The Y. M. C. A.

The Young Men's Christian association in the United States was organized in Boston on Dec. 29, 1851. This was the outcome of a similar organization started seven years earlier in London.

The Red Diamond.

Experts generally aver that the most beautiful of all precious stones is the red diamond. It is held to surpass even the ruby in beauty and is extremely rare. One of the very few specimens of record is that which was bought by Emperor Paul of Russia for $100,000. This stone weighs 10 carats.

Mississippi Bears.

The bears of the Mississippi forests and canebrake grow to an immense size, 500 pounds being a common weight for one in the late fall. They do not hibernate and are always ready if not eager for a fight.

Hard Shoes.

If a pair of hard shoes have become stiffened with walking in the wet they should first be washed with warm water and then have oil well rubbed into them.

Debts In China.

In China one can always borrow money on the strength of having a son, but nobody would advance him a cent if he had a dozen daughters. The former is responsible for the debts of his father for three generations. The latter is only responsible for the debts of her own husband.

When first I met Eudora Green
She was a tiny maid
With tossing curls of corn silk sheen
And glances unafraid;
Frilled frock and sash bound at the knee,
She was a picture when
I led her out to walk with me,
She scarce could toddle then.

Time works great changes, so they say,
But I at least must claim,
Though many years have rolled away,
Eudora's much the same.
Still bright as corn silk in the breeze,
Her curls toss o'er her brow,
And with a sash around her knees
She scarce can toddle now.
—Browning's Magazine.

"Dad, what sort of a bureau is a matrimonial bureau?"

"Oh, any bureau that has five drawers full of women's fixings and one man's tie in it."—Houston Post.

North winds rude and south winds bleak—
Strange is nature's law;
Blizzards from the stormy west—
Then a horrid thaw!
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"And what is your father's business, my little man?" asked the Rev. Mr. Fourthly as he made his morning call on the infant class.

"He's a dam-at-it kick-it," said the little chap, whose father wrote dramatic criticism for a newspaper.—Harper's Weekly.

And when the week has rolled around
And hubby comes home with a bound,
Disdaining rides in cars or stages,
But walking just to save his wages,
He kisses me and calls me honey,
It seems a shame to take the money!
—Yonkers Statesman.

"Did you discover the north pole?"

"Not exactly," replied the explorer. "But I found a place that was sufficiently cold and lonely to be its practical equivalent."—Washington Star.

"Him wuzzy toolest itsie-bitsie p'ecious lovie lamb,
And him des a sweetest pittle-ittle single—yes, him am—
Wis him tunnin' itsie footsie an' him sayin' 'Goo-goo-goo!'
Him wuz him muzzer's ownest lambie boysie—cootsie-coo!'"

To this the baby listens by the hour and day and week,
And yet his mother wonders why he doesn't learn to speak!
—Ladies' Home Journal.

Banker (dumfounded)—What's that? Say that again.

Applicant—I said I would like to mortgage my automobile in order to buy a home!—Puck.

To what the cynics say or do
Why should we list or care?
We know the charm of being true,
The joy of playing fair.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

BATTERIES

I handle one of the best batteries made and at a reasonable price. If you use any electricity in your business let me supply it.

E. W. STRONG

We most heartily request your early inspection of our now complete showing of
SPRING AND SUMMER WOOLENS
From the best Mills at Home and Abroad, any portion of your esteemed order will be most highly appreciated.

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